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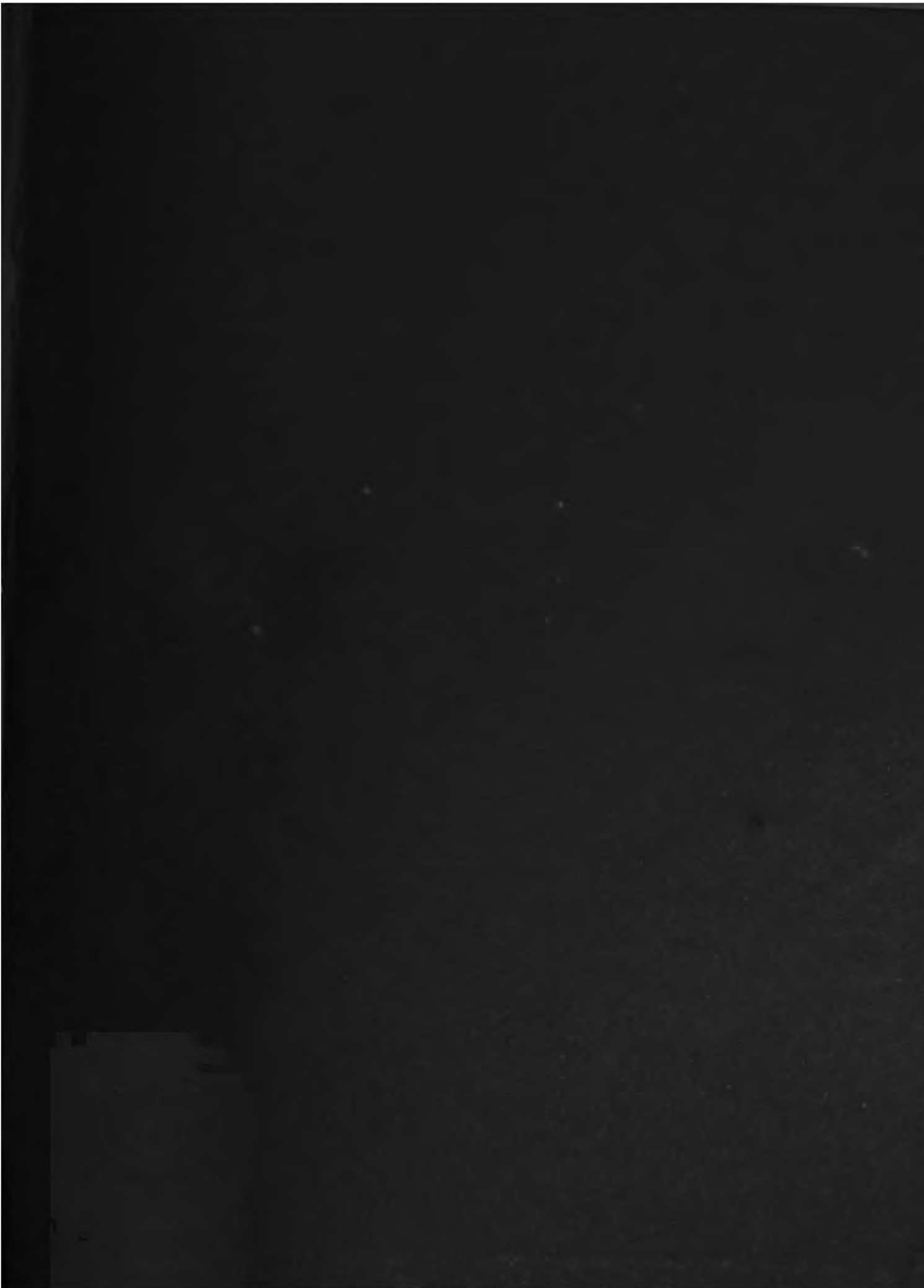
THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM

AND OTHER POEMS.

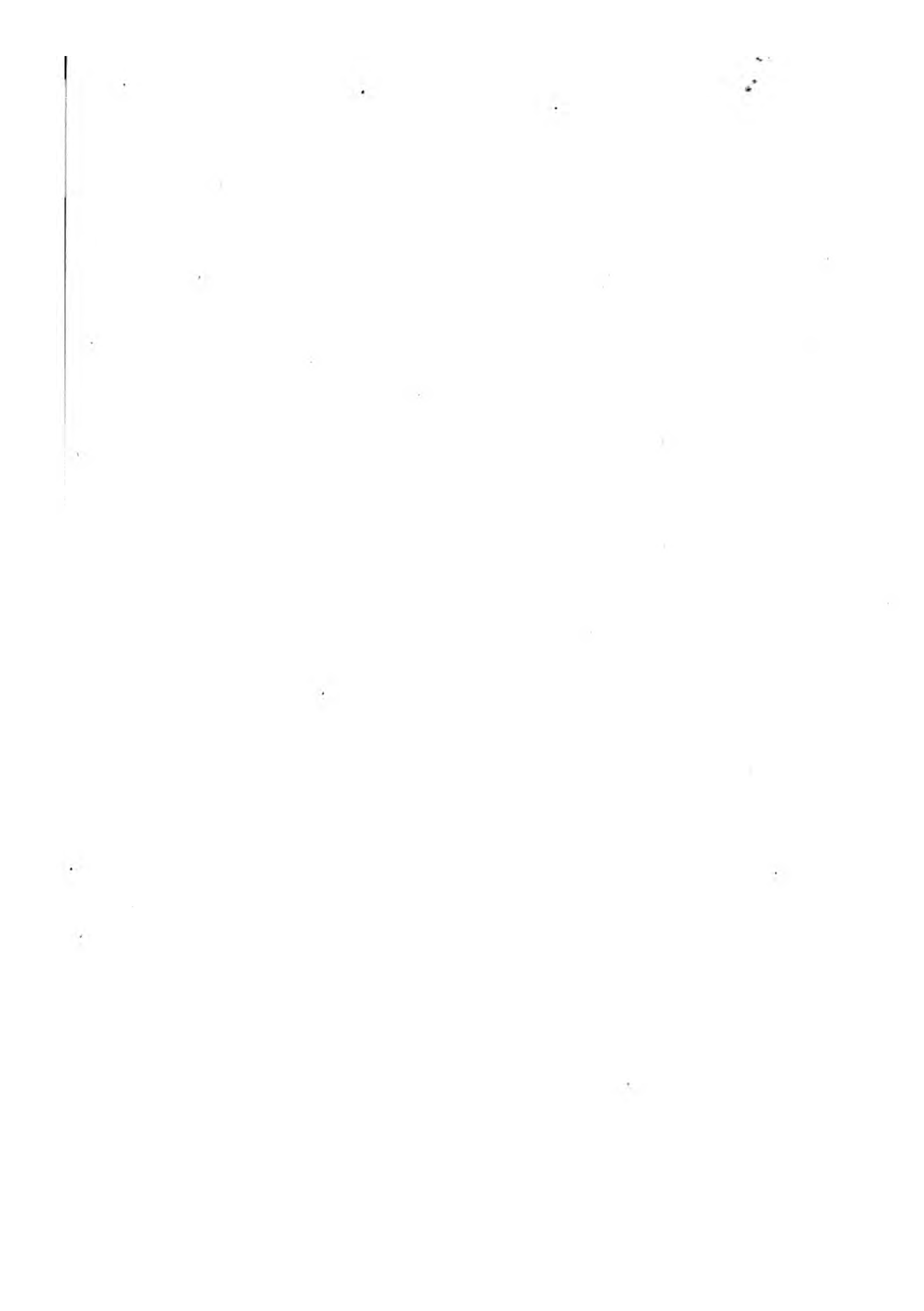


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\* \* THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM,

AND OTHER POEMS.



THE  
TINKER OF SWAFFHAM:

A LEGENDARY TALE.

WITH  
OTHER POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

By J. WALKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE DIVINE PANOPLY; OR, A SUIT OF ARMOUR FOR THE SOLDIER OF CHRIST,  
AND A RECORD OF PAST LABOURS CONNECTED WITH SUNDAY SCHOOLS."



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# THE TINKER OF SWAFFHAM.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

NCE on a time (if you 'll believe  
An oral legend we receive,  
From distant ages handed down)

A Tinker lived in Swaffham town.  
Nightly a dream disturbed his rest,  
Tormenting his perturbèd breast,  
That if he 'd go on such a day  
To London Bridge, and on it stay  
A certain time, he 'd not complain  
Of having spent that time in vain.  
Night after night, times without number,  
This dream romantic broke his slumber,  
And in his brain such puzzling raised,  
As the poor Tinker almost crazed.

At last he formed the grave intent  
Of seeking truth in the event.  
To London Bridge resolved to trudge it,  
He straightway buckled on his budget :  
Took staff in hand, and dog at heel,  
His object better to conceal ;  
Then out he set, and much did pant he,  
Like Quixote on his Rosin  .

What sights he saw, what objects met,  
How fast he walked, how hard he sweat,  
How on aerial bliss he feasted,  
As to the goal of hope he hasted—  
Whate'er befell him, or arose,  
'Tis fancy's business to suppose.

But, lo ! the destined place is gained,  
With many a weary step attained.  
On London Bridge he takes his station,  
And waits with anxious expectation.  
At length, despairing of success,  
And conscious of his foolishness,  
His ardour credulous relented,  
He of his journey sore repented.  
Nor welcomed he this wisdom late,  
But blamed his stars, and cursed his fate,

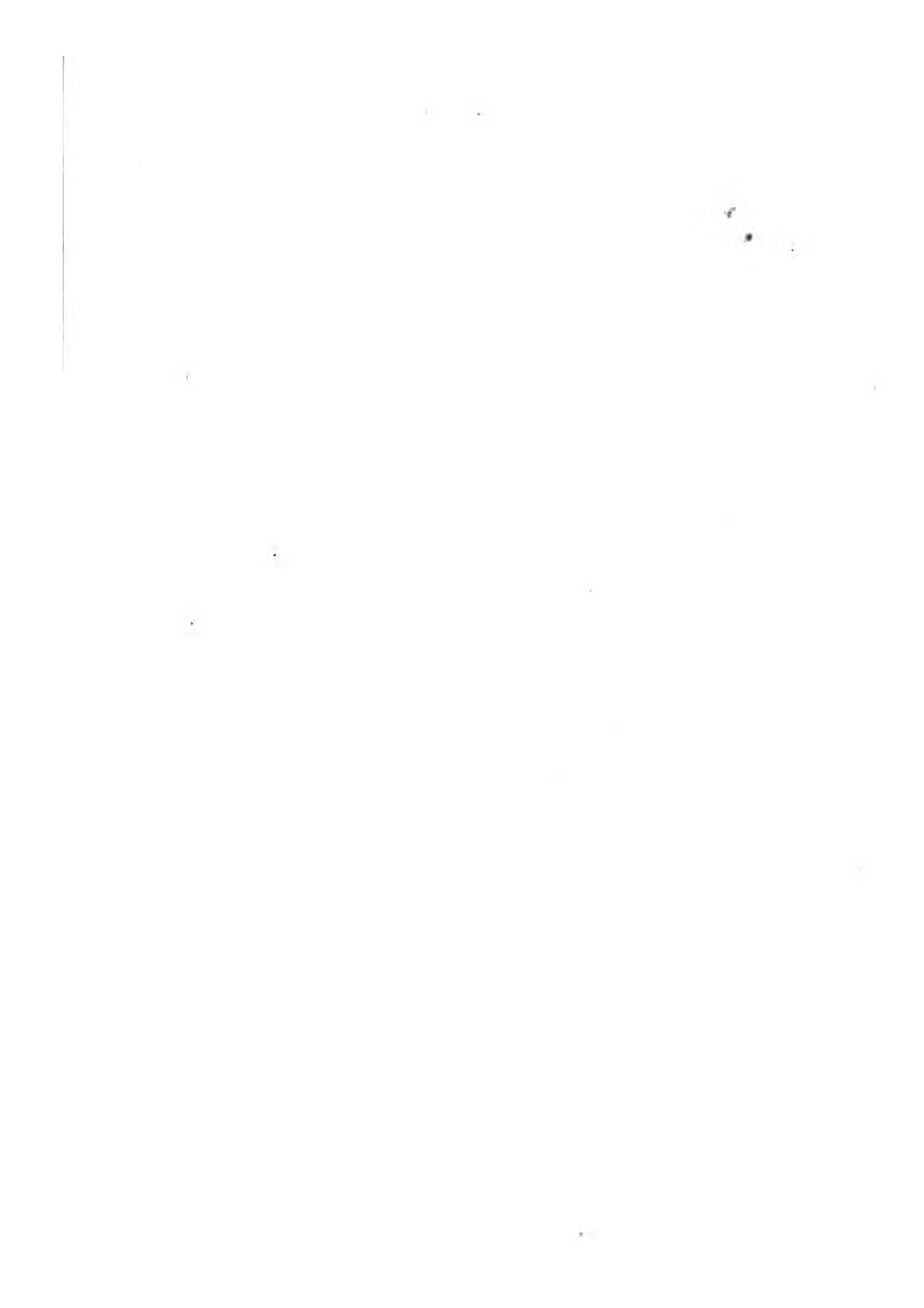








*"To London Bridge resolved to trudge it,  
He straightway buckled on his budget:  
Took staff in hand, and dog at heel,  
His object better to conceal."—Page 2.*



For having let a dream's impression  
Of his thick skull to take possession.  
Shame stings his mind, and passions vex it—  
When just about to make his exit,  
A shopman spruce advanced upon him,  
And o'er and o'er began to con him.  
Then in these words addressed him, "Friend,  
Why dost thou sauntering here thus spend  
Thy time without apparent end ?  
I now inform thee I'm suspicious  
That thy intents are somewhat vicious."  
"Why," said the Tinker, "I must own  
'Tis foolish loitering here alone ;  
My aim is pure, though you may doubt it—  
By your leave, I'll tell you all about it."

So he related him the fact,  
In every circumstance exact.  
" 'Twas but last night," replies the other,  
"I had a dream, just such another—  
That if to Swaffham town I hasted,  
My time would not be vainly wasted ;  
For if I there searched under ground,  
In such a place there would be found,

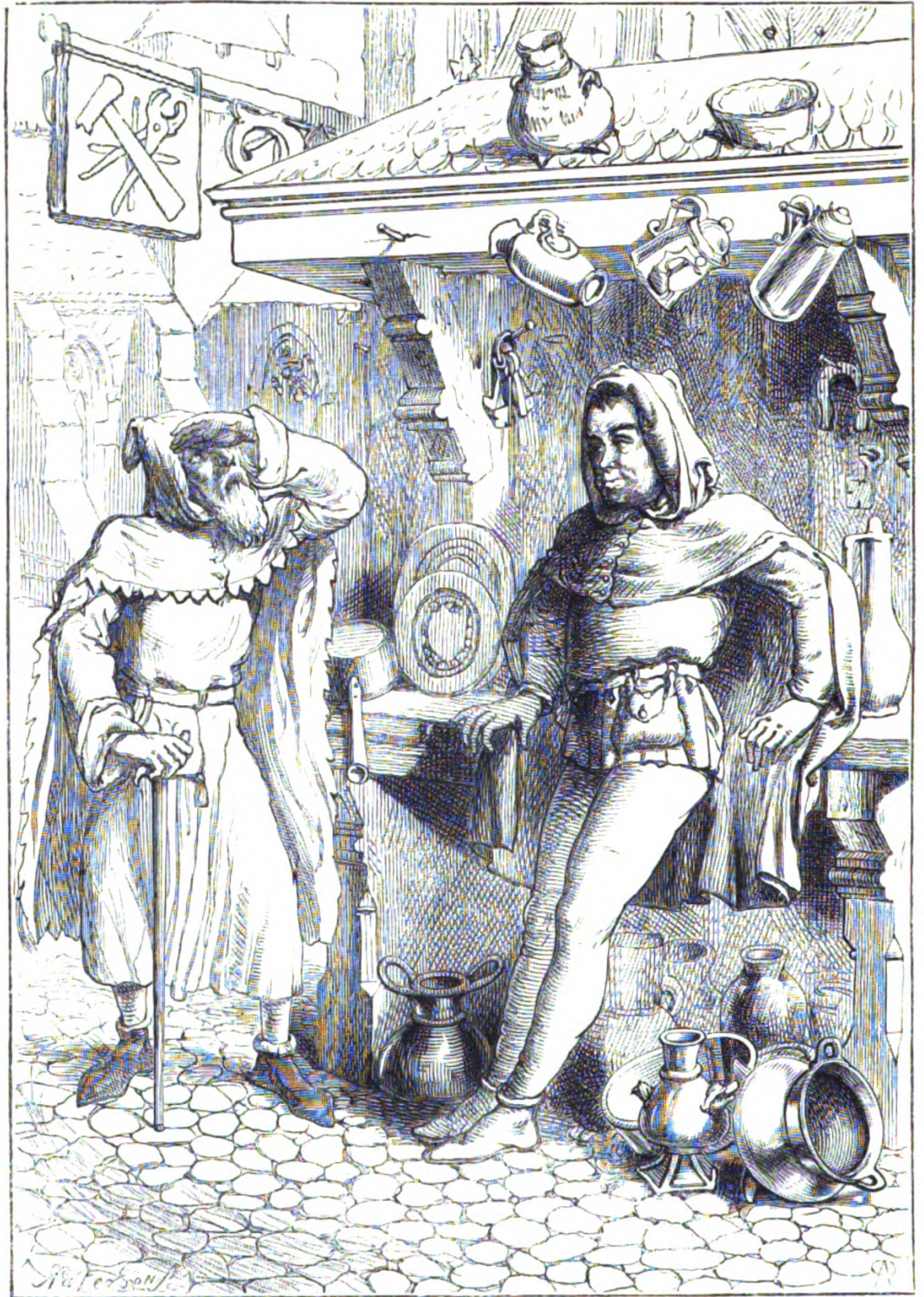
To my enriching and great pleasure,  
A mighty mass of hidden treasure.  
Now to this dream if I had listed,  
And in obeying it persisted,  
I just now there had been delaying,  
And for my silly folly paying—  
A credulous, gaping, staring elf,  
Looking as foolish as thyself.”

On hearing this, without delay,  
The Tinker homeward bends his way ;  
His bounding heart with joy elated :  
He seeks the spot erewhile related,  
In hope that fortune he might find her  
Somewhat more prosperous and kinder.  
Upon the earth he eager laid  
His massy mattock and his spade ;  
Off flew his hat, and eke his jacket,  
The hard ground he began to hack it ;  
Round him he threw the loosened earth,  
And hacked and delved till out of breath.  
With eager hope his eye it glistened,  
As to the stone-struck spade he listened.

Now having gotten pretty deep,  
Oft down he looked with eager peep.







*"Upon this tin and copper shop  
An antiquarian chanced to pop."—Page 5.*

... were cold and  
And soon her weary  
Poured forth in water  
Now, 'stead of  
As heretofore, her  
He 'gan to live somewhat  
To wash and drink  
And now, because  
He took the water  
Hung pots and pans  
Before his door, to  
Tha' 'gan to be  
Among the rest he  
Upon this time and  
An amulet or  
Instant the  
With an inscrip  
Upon the



At length, to his great joy, he found  
An antique vase hid under ground :  
Struggling, he lifts the ponderous vessel,  
As 'twere a pig unto a tressel ;  
And soon he, with eye-sparkling pleasure,  
Poured forth of silver coin a treasure.

Now, 'stead of wandering up and down  
As heretofore, from town to town,  
He 'gan to live somewhat more freely,  
To eat and drink, and dress genteelly ;  
And now, become a master brazier,  
He took the world a great deal easier,  
Hung pots and pans all in a row  
Before his door, to make a show ;  
That passers by their eyes might raise up,—  
Among the rest he hung the vase up.  
Upon this tin and copper shop  
An antiquarian chanced to pop ;  
Instant the virtuoso smitten  
With an inscription quaintly written  
Upon the vase, but in a hand  
That very few could understand.  
Full eagerly he stepped into him,  
And begged the brazier it to show him ;



Entreated that the thing he'd sell him.  
And instantly the price on't tell him.  
The brazier forthwith ceased his hammering,  
Greatly amazed, and somewhat stammering.  
"Why, sir," said he, "I do not know  
What use this vase can be put to.  
To sell it, sir, I am not willing—  
Nor will I while I'm worth a shilling."  
"Pray," said the other, "can you guess  
What these old characters express?"  
"No," said the other; "oft in vain  
I've sought their meaning to obtain."  
"Their meaning, then," replied he,  
"Is,—Under me lie other three."  
The brazier answered in a fury,  
"Sir, I wont sell it, I assure you."  
So out he hasted to the spot  
Where he the other vase had got.  
He dug more vigorous than before,  
And quickly found a second store;  
Three massive and capacious Urns  
He lifted from the earth by turns;  
Each filled as full as it could hold  
With precious, antique coins of gold.



Thus flushed with riches unexpected,  
The church at Swaffham he erected ;  
And on the stained glass he commanded,  
(Which has to this day down been handed,)  
To London Bridge the act of wending,  
With staff in hand, and dog attending,  
To be described ; with legend quaint,  
Of thanks unto the patron Saint,  
For having to the wealth directed  
With which the church had been erected.



## SPRING.

“ Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos :  
Nunc frudent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.”

—VIRG. *Georg.*, Book iii.



READ Winter now no more prevails ; but o'er  
The fertile plains gay Spring resumes her sway.  
No more the snow, with glistening surface tinged,  
The fruitful fields o'erspreads ; no more the storm  
Bows down with whistling crash the leafless trees.  
But Spring, her brow with rosy chaplets bound,  
Leads on in sportive guise the jocund hours.  
Her whispering gales the sleep of Nature break.  
In rich attire of flower-besprinkled green,  
All lovely she arises. Now the trees  
Protrude their tender shoots. Their swelling buds  
Burst forth, and variegated blossoms too,  
All dew-bedropped, exhibit to the eye  
A rich luxuriance. The feathered tribe  
Their wonted songs renew, and emulous

Pour forth the swelling note. The grove resounds  
The mingled music of their little throats.  
The soaring Skylark, harbinger of light,  
Floating before the gates of Heaven, salutes  
The day. What time night's misty mantle fades  
Before the purple dawn, the speckled Thrush,  
With mellow note, joins in the vocal throng.  
The Linnet, too, the blossomed boughs among,  
In softer strain his cheerful matin pours.  
Meanwhile, the stuttering Cuckoo, dissonant,  
The mocking merry-andrew of the grove,  
At intervals repeats his foolish note.  
And soon as day retires, sweet Philomel,  
Queen of the moonlight minstrelsy, resumes  
Her even-song ; whilst lovers, woe-begone,  
List to her melancholy melting strain,  
With sighs responsive. Now the garden smiles  
With rich variety ; the Lily pure,  
The Polyanthus, with her dark-brown breast  
Tuckered with gold ; the flaunting Tulip, too,  
And blushing Rose, the gay parterre adorn.  
The Violet blue, and modest Primrose pale,  
Peep from the dell ; and staring Daisies now  
The verdant meadows sprinkle and be-star.

The lowing Cattle, now at liberty,  
Enjoy the open air, and range at large,  
Nor seek with plaintive low the sheltering shed.  
Oh! it is sweet, what time the sun gleams warm,  
To see the lambkins play around their dams,  
And wanton frisk upon the flowery sward ;  
And list the while unto the murmuring Bee,  
That deviously roves from flower to flower,  
Pilfering their sweets ; then, with the gathered store,  
Loading his little thighs, straight homewards hastes,  
Safe through the trackless air, by instinct led.

The Farmer wields again his rusty spade,  
Or steers with steady hand the crooked plough ;  
Flings, as he stalks along, the spreading seed,  
Or guides the ponderous harrow o'er the glebe ;  
Then anxious hopes to reap the recompense  
Of all his toil ; and, oft solicitous,  
Invites the sunny gleams, and gentle showers,  
To shed upon the yet unripened year  
Their influence bland, and speed the teeming earth.

Now let me seek the shady, lone retreat,  
And musing, meek-eyed Meditation woo ;  
The while some murmuring rivulet's gentle sound,  
In dreams poetic let my fancy rove.

## RURAL BLISS.

“ Omitte mirari beata  
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.”  
—HORACE.



HAPPY the man who, free from strife,  
Enjoys the sweets of rural life !  
Who dwells content in lowly cot,  
Nor envies Kings their splendid lot ;  
Who seeks not fickle Fortune's smiles,  
And so escapes her dangerous wiles ;  
Who still avoids the busy crowd,  
The vain, the empty, and the proud :  
Happy 'mid scenes of rural bliss,  
Where every real pleasure's his.  
Nor cares, nor strife disturb his rest,  
Nor cloud the sunshine of his breast.  
Far from the lures of costly state,  
The empty pageants of the great,

He woos the contemplative shade,  
Where no low thoughts his soul invade.  
Aloof from all disturbance here,  
From worldly care, from worldly fear :  
The Lyre, the Muse, delight by turns,  
And now he melts, and now he burns.  
By day the book which Nature spreads,  
He calm and reverently reads ;  
He searches all its wonders through,  
Exhausts them, and imagines new.  
Whilst thought excursive, unconfined,  
Exalts and purifies the mind ;  
When evening bids him to retire,  
He cheerful trims his little fire.  
Here, as to Fancy's power assigned,  
New worlds arise within his mind ;  
The past he here lives o'er again,  
Tastes all its sweets, without its pain ;  
Sees in the future all he wants,  
The light, the life for which he pants,  
Till bliss too bright for mortal eyes,  
Fades in the glory of the skies !

## A GLIMPSE OF JESUS.



MAY my waiting soul now share  
 The tokens of my Jesu's care ;  
 'Tis bliss on Earth, 'tis Heaven above,  
 To praise His name, and sing His love !

Stay, then, my soul, a moment stay,  
 Soon shalt thou quit this house of clay ;  
 Rise to a seat in that blest place,  
 And ever on thy Saviour gaze !  
 Blest be the dear Redeemer's name,  
 Who for my sins a curse became ;  
 He caught me as I headlong fell,  
 And saved me from the lowest hell.

There is a place divinely sweet,  
 By faithful, humble souls possest,  
 Of glory full--with joy replete,  
 The foretaste of eternal rest



How sweet were the moments when Jesus revealed  
The light of His countenance lovely and fair ;  
Although the full beams of His glory withheld,  
How happy His presence and favour to share !



## MY GARDEN.



AY, when to woo the Muse inclined,  
 I seek to tranquillize my mind,  
 What spot of quiet can I find?

My Garden.

What tempts me, dizzy grown with care,  
 And impositions hard to bear,  
 To study in the freshening air?

My Garden

What, when beneath its hawthorn shade,  
 On couch of sods supinely laid,  
 Speeds labouring thought by quiet's aid?

My Garden.

What, from its many-coloured flowers,  
 A grateful fragrance round me pours,  
 When there I spend eve's dewy hours?

My Garden.

When I behold the damask Rose  
Its dew-besprinkled leaves disclose,  
What gives the bliss that inly glows ?

My Garden.

Whence springs the gorgeous Tulip's hue ?  
What sends her flaunting forth to view,  
In all the harlotry of show ?

My Garden.

What sends the virgin Lily fair,  
To meet the eye with bosom bare,  
Nor feel a blush, nor fear a snare ?

My Garden.

On what bank is the Violet found,  
To pour its odours sweet around,  
And spot with blue the green grass ground ?

My Garden.

Whence do I hear the feathered throng,  
Warble the new-robed trees among,  
Joining with theirs my simple song ?

My Garden.

Whence have I oft observed in Spring,  
The Linnet, having ceased to sing,  
Twit by on undulating wing ?

My Garden.

Or when the Skylark, soaring high,  
Sings as he climbs the vaulted sky,  
From whence hear I his melody ?

My Garden.

Farewell, sweet interesting spot,  
Though proud domains should be my lot,  
Thou ne'er by me shalt be forgot !

My Garden.



## MY TEACHER.



WHO longs the Sabbath morn to greet,  
 Braves Winter's cold, and Summer's heat,  
 Her little flock at school to meet ?

My Teacher.

Who, with a mother's fondness filled,  
 Hath called me oft, " My lamb, my child,"  
 And spoke so kind, and looked so mild ?

My Teacher.

Who waited patiently until  
 I grew obedient to her will ;  
 Who sometimes chid, yet loved me still ?

My Teacher.

Who long did with my dulness bear,  
 And taught me with parental care,  
 To read and love my Bible dear ?

My Teacher.

Who with and for me often prays,  
That Jesus would vouchsafe me grace,  
To love and praise Him all my days ?

My Teacher.

Who taught my infant voice to sing  
The praises of my heavenly King,  
His saints who doth to glory bring ?

My Teacher.

Who teaches me my God to fear,  
His Sabbaths keep, His name revere,  
And leads me to His house of prayer ?

My Teacher.

In sickness who kind visits paid ;  
Directed me to Christ who bled,  
And for my sins atonement made !

My Teacher.

While life shall last, whate'er betide,  
Though far removed from thy dear side,  
I'll oft remember thee, my guide

And Teacher.

*MY TEACHER.*

And when before our Judge we stand,  
May you and I, at God's right hand,  
Be numbered with the blood-bought band,  
My Teacher!

The above Composition was spoken by a Sunday-scholar at a general Recital of Pieces.



## RETIREMENT INTO THE COUNTRY.

“ At *secura quies, et nescia fallere vita*  
*Dives opum variorum ; at latis otia fundis,*  
*Speluncæ, vivique lacus ; at frigida Tempe,*  
*Mugitusque boum, mollisque sub arbore somni*  
*Non absunt.”*

—VIRG. *Geor.*, B. i. v. 467, &c.

“ Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,  
 A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,  
 With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,  
 And rural pleasures crown his happiness ;  
 Unvexed with quarrels, undisturbed with noise,  
 The country king his peaceful realm enjoys :  
 Cool grots and living lakes, the flowery pride  
 Of meads and streams that through the valley glide ;  
 And shady groves that easy sleep invite,  
 And after toilsome days a short repose at night.”

—DRYDEN.



LONG in vain I've sought to find  
 A rural mansion to my mind ;  
 Oft I've ranged the country o'er,  
 But could never yet explore  
 A convenient situation,  
 On whose lofty elevation,  
 I might build a handsome seat,  
 There to enjoy the pleasures sweet



Of a peaceful country life,  
Far from the bustle and the strife  
Of the town's tumultuous noise,  
And all its satiating joys.


O might I have my heart's desire,  
To the country I'd retire ;  
There I'd buy a small estate,  
Nor too little, nor too great ;  
A few acres in extent,  
Unencumbered with chief rent ;  
The distance from the town should be,  
A pleasant walk, miles two or three.

Then I would a spot select,  
On which a house I might erect.  
On some rising eminence,  
There I'd fix my residence ;  
Modern it should be and neat,  
Devoid of every strange conceit.  
Taste should through the whole pervade,  
Handsome, yet without parade.  
The garden and the pleasure-ground  
Should with the choicest flowers abound,  
And perfume all the air around.  
Be the landscape's utmost bound,

And the spacious plain between,  
Blending light with darker green.  
Add to this whate'er conduces  
To please the fancy, or for use is.  
Here in such a snug retreat,  
I'd shun the follies of the great,  
And from the faults of others learn  
The same myself to 'scape in turn.  
From every plant or flower derive  
A useful lesson how to live.  
And my chief employment this—  
To study Nature as she is.  
Oft would I seek the lonely cell,  
Where Contemplation loves to dwell,  
And in a sober garb arrayed  
I'd gently woo the silent maid,  
Till thoughts sublime my senses close,  
And lull my soul to sweet repose.



## A BIRTHDAY SONNET.


**T**IME ever rolling on no hindrance knows:  
 For, like a rapid stream, have o'er my head  
 Thrice seven revolving years for ever fled,  
 Since first the sun on me with light arose.  
 With gratitude to God my soul o'erflows,  
     For all His favours past upon me shed  
     Who to this day my steps in safety led,  
 On whom for future blessings I repose.  
 Mine is the birthday of the circling year:  
     Scarce to the old succeeded had the new,  
     Ere I my breath as at this time first drew,  
 And entered on my state of trial here.  
     May I in virtue each new year improve,  
     Till rendered meet to share pure joys above.



## JOTHAM'S PARABLE.

JUDGES ix. 8-15.



THE Trees did once a council call,  
 Important the event to all.  
 Each family a member sent,  
 The tribe entire to represent ;  
 Old age was the chief requisite,  
 A candidate to render fit,  
 In council of the trees to sit.

The court now met—the names they call,  
 The object straight make known to all.—  
 A veteran chief rose up and spake :  
 “ This day we meet a King to make  
 To govern us with gentle sway,  
 Whose laws we pledge ourselves t' obey.”—

D

Then spake he to the Olive thus :  
" Be thou our King—reign over us."

But thus the Olive answer gave :  
" Should I my fatness straightway leave,  
My juice, the life of light, whereby  
They honour man, God glorify ?  
Should I promotion seek to gain,  
And with supreme dominion reign,  
O'er all the trees on hill or plain ?"

Then turning to the Fig-tree, thus  
He said : " Come, thou reign over us."—  
The Fig-tree, likewise answering, spake :  
" Think you my sweetness I'll forsake,  
My pleasant fruit—promotion gain,  
And with supreme dominion reign  
O'er all the trees on hill and plain !"

The Vine he next addressed : " Come, thou,  
Reign over us ; to thee we bow."—  
With like reply, returned the Vine :  
" Should I, then, leave my cheering wine,  
Which gladdens man's desponding heart,  
Which to God's service set apart  
With true devotion, in His eyes  
Becomes a pleasing sacrifice.


Should I promotion seek to gain,  
And with supreme dominion reign  
O'er all the trees on hill and plain ?”

Enraged, then all the Trees thus spake :  
“ A King we'll have,—a King we'll make ;  
Come, Bramble, reign thou over us ;  
Be thou our King—thee we will choose.”—

“ Then,” said the Bramble, “ if, indeed,  
You me anoint your King and Head,  
Come, put in me your confidence,  
And I will be your sure defence ;  
If not—let rise my furious ire,  
And issue from the Bramble fire ;  
Spread far and wide its desolating sway,  
And Lebanon's famed pride in ashes lay !”




## FROM MALLET'S "EDWIN AND EMMA."


 HIS cheeks, where love and beauty glowed,  
 A deadly pale o'ercast ;  
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
 Before the northern blast.



## THE SAME, LATINÆ REDDITUM.


 T malas ubi fervit amor præstante decore,  
 Lethalis velat pallidus atque color ;  
 Sicque recens rosa languescit florente juventâ,  
 Cum Boreâ stridens sæva procella furit.




## IN MUNDO.

**I**N mundo producis adhuc tua tempora, Laura,  
 In turba vivens incommitata viro,  
 Sic in deserto florescet decolor Iris,  
 Graminibus nocuis, ah ! peritura cito.

Eheu ! tunc tandem procul ab misero orbe recedo,  
 Ad memora hæc mea jum nunc celerato fugum,  
 Dilectissimus illic te monstrabit amicus,  
 Dulci qua in sumas tempus amore tuum.

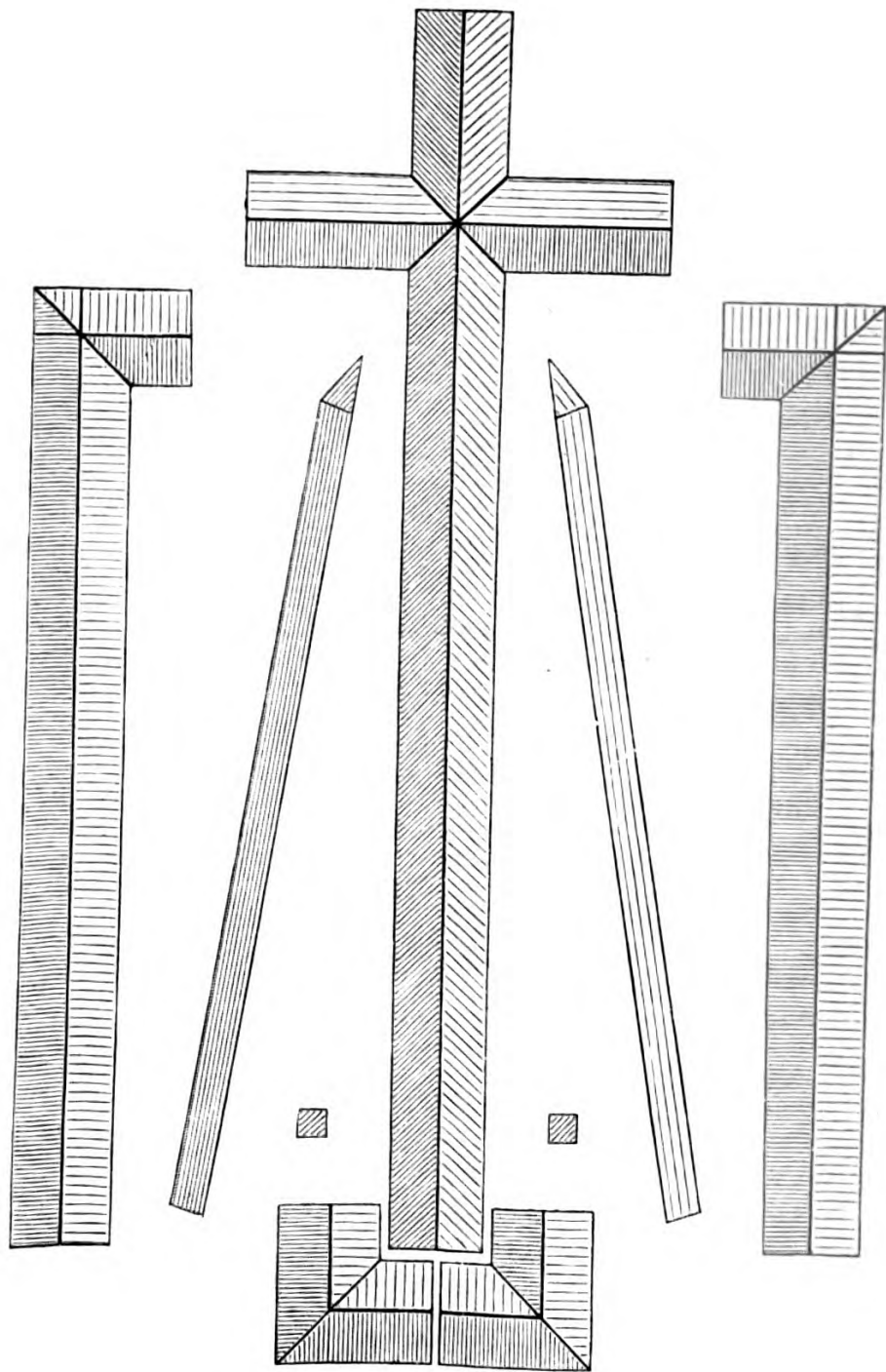
Huc cum primum Phœbus inaurat lumine terras,  
 Læta veni ac mecum læta vagare canens ;  
 Aut tristicula Phœbes subter luce pererra,  
 Et sermone benigno mala mulce mea.

## DE CRUCIFIXU CHRISTI.

UNCTA suo peccata piavit sanguine Christus :  
Seque probrum patientem præbuit inter acerbum,  
Cum hostes cogebant sævi submittere morti,  
Eheu ! parce Pater, (quæ ignorant) crimina clamat.







## THE THREE CROSSES.

Lines descriptive of the Cross of our Saviour, with two Supporters, Spears and Dice ; also two other Crosses, on which the two Thieves were crucified ; the whole being folded of one piece of paper, and cut at one time, with a pair of scissors.

**B**EHOLD the CROSS whereon the Saviour bled,  
 What time He suffered in the sinner's stead ;  
 The sacred TREE two wondrous STONES bear up,  
 Cut from Salvation's ROCK, the sinner's hope :  
 See, too, the cruel SPEAR which pierced His side,  
 Whence flowed a crimson, and a watery tide.  
 Those fatal DICE the Roman soldiers threw,  
 When for His robe the lot foretold they drew.  
 Christ, to fulfil all that the Scripture saith,  
 Was numbered with the WICKED in His death.



## NIGHT SCENE.

FROM HOME'S TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS."

**H**OW sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !  
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Through skies where I could count each little star.  
The river rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in ought believed,  
Descending Spirits have conversed with men,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.



## NOCTIS DESCRIPTIO.



UAM solennis noctis jam nunc scena corusca est !

Clarum argentea cursum pergit lucida Luna,

Enumerare ubi sidera quæque per æthera possem.

Obductum per fulvas manat flumen arenas,

Perturbatque silentia noctis murmure molli.

Eheu ! tempore tali, tuli sede quietâ,

Antiqua ætas si possit quoquomodo credi,

Delapsæ mortalibus umbræ verba dederunt,

Atque retexerunt ignoti mystica mundi.





## THE FIDDLE-CASE..

A TALE FROM GOLDSMITH'S "CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."



FIDDLER and his Wife,

Who had trudged through life

As most couples usually do ;

Though more loving a pair

Never lived than they were,

They sometimes fell out, it is true.



A dispute once arose

Between him and his spouse,

Which threatened their rage to inflame ;

Both, in their own defence,

Used such strong arguments,

That each thought the other to blame.

Not an inch of the field  
Would the Wife to him yield,  
    So warmer the strife grew, of course ;  
And the Husband his claim  
Was resolved, o'er the dame,  
    Of ruler to put in full force.

Explanations were vain  
Their lost love to regain ;  
    Their fury burned fiercer than ever :  
So they each a vow made,  
Never in the same bed  
    To sleep for the future—no, never.

Then they 'gan to reflect  
How to put in effect  
    This vow—the most rash of all vows ;  
Whilst their rage rose so high,  
They forgot, by the by,  
    They had but one bed in the house.

Still determined were they  
Not one jot to give way,  
    Or of their rash vow to repent :

*THE FIDDLE-CASE.*

So at night, in the bed,  
They the Fiddle-case laid,  
    Too close an embrace to prevent.

Every night for the space  
Of three weeks they replace  
    This bar to their mutual good-will ;  
Nor a word, nor a smile,  
They indulged all the while,  
    Of kindness, but enmity still.

Time at length a cure wrought ;  
For 'twas madness, each thought,  
    With anger thus furious to burn ;  
They began to relent,  
Of their vow to repent,  
    Their love by degrees to return.

As one night both in bed  
Lay awake, but nought said,  
    The Husband a-sneezing began ;  
(As is usual) the Wife  
Bid God bless his dear life—  
    Not judging he 'd answer again.

“And is that, Joan, thy prayer?  
Does thy heart in it share?”—

“Ay, Nicholas, truly it does.”—

“Then,” says he, “let’s remove  
This cursed bar to our love.”—

So out he the Fiddle-case throws.



## NISUS AND EURYALUS.

FROM VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*.

Book ix. v. 176, &c.

**N**ISUS, a youth who hurled with rapid speed  
 The whizzing dart, or shot the fleeting reed,  
 Whom Ida to *Æneas* from afar,  
 Sent as a comrade in exploits of war,  
 Stood sentry at the gate ; and next in place,  
 Was brave Euryalus of Trojan race ;  
 The fairest youth that wielded Trojan arms,  
 Had quitted Love's, to join in War's alarms.  
 O'er his fair cheeks youth's mantling purple played,  
 And every look his generous soul displayed.  
 Together these had passed their youthful days,  
 Together fought, and shared the hard-earned praise.  
 Nisus exclaimed, "Ah! whence this ardent glow—  
 This sudden wish to rush upon the foe ?

Can human rage such daring thoughts inspire ?  
Ah ! no ; some god doth set my soul on fire.  
Restless, to ease I can no longer yield,  
Fate's forceful fiat drives me to the field.  
Behold, the Rutuli secure recline,  
Weighed down with sleep, and overcome with wine.  
All's hushed around—their fires but dim appear ;  
Now to my throbbing thoughts I crave thy ear :  
The nobles and the crowd, with one consent,  
Decree that messengers should straight be sent  
To brave Æneas, to inquire his state,  
And his condition faithfully relate.  
If they bestow on thee the promised meed,  
Sufficeth me the merit of the deed :  
Beside that hill, so bodes my wayward mind,  
A way to Pallanteum I could find.”

Then stood Euryalus in deep amaze,  
Intent upon th' aspiring wish of praise.  
Meantime he thus addressed his ardent friend :  
“And shall not I, O Nisus, you attend,  
As a companion, 'mid the din of arms,  
And all the dubious scenes of war's alarms ?  
Will you, alone, such dangerous exploits dare ?  
Alone, the grievous toils of warfare bear ?

And shall not I alike the fame and danger share ?  
My sire Opheltes ne'er his son thus taught,  
Ne'er thus amidst the Greeks inglorious fought ;  
Ne'er thus, when Troy was low in ashes laid,  
Æneas' path I followed through the shade.  
This—this great soul of mine, unawed by death,  
That fame would gladly purchase with its latest breath ! ”

Nisus then : “ To doubt thy word I should do wrong.  
To thee more merit's due, more praise belong ;  
And as I speak the truth, so may great Jove  
Restore me, victor, to the arms of him I love.  
But if by some dire foe I should be slain—  
Should ne'er embrace thee in these arms again—  
Do thou remain ; thy worth I would preserve ;  
Thy blooming years a longer date deserve.  
Let some one bear my body from the plain ;  
With wealth redeem it, or with force obtain :  
Or if my fate has otherwise decreed—  
If from the foe my corpse cannot be freed,  
Though absent, let some one record my doom,  
And raise, at least, an honorary tomb.  
Why should I cause thy mother's tears to flow,  
With bitter anguish thus augment her woe ?

Who, for thy sake alone, such dangers dared,  
Who for thy sake the angry tempest shared ;  
Who, of all mothers, greater hardships bore,  
Who quitted, for thy sake, her native shore !”

Then thus Euryalus replied : “ In vain,  
My friend, you frame of pleas so long a train.  
Let us away.”——Meanwhile the guards awake,  
They enter, and their posts alternate take.  
Instant the brave compeers together wing  
Their flight, and seek the presence of their King.

Whilst sleep now lulls each living soul to rest,  
Enchains all cares, and calms each troubled breast,  
The Trojan chiefs, and all the youths debate,  
How to secure the safety of the State :  
They vote a message to their absent chief,  
To tell their woes, and beg a kind relief.  
Now on their bending spears they waiting lean,  
Whilst their left arms their ponderous shields sustain.  
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,  
Apart from clamour and the reach of foes.  
Forthwith the noble youths the guards entreat  
To gain admission—the affair’s of weight ;  
The issue closely will affect the state.



With joy the fair Iulus led them in,  
Meanwhile entreated Nisus to begin.

Then he : " Attend, ye chiefs, disperse your fears,  
Nor judge our bold adventure by our years.  
Our foes, well steeped in wine, lethargic laid,  
Are mute : ere now we spied their ambuscade,  
Between two paths which near the sea extend ;  
Their lights burn dim, and clouds of smoke ascend.  
Since fortune fair presents, if you 'll allow,  
Secure to Pallanteum we can go,  
Where we expect to see our Prince again,  
Replete with spoils of foes in battles slain.  
Seize we the occasion now, nor cause delay,  
We cannot fail to find the proper way.  
Oft in the chase, the city we have viewed,  
Between the valleys, and the river's course pursued."

Then thus in answer spoke Alethes sage,  
In wisdom exercised, advanced in age :  
" Ye country Gods, who with paternal care,  
Preside o'er Ilion, spare, the Trojans spare !  
Since thus ye have on them deigned to bestow,  
Youth in whose breasts with noble virtues glow."  
He said, and clasped them with a fond embrace,  
While tears of joy bedewed his aged face :

“ Illustrious youths ! what meed, what worthy meed,  
Can be bestowed, for daring such a dangerous deed ?  
The Gods themselves the noblest gift conferred,  
Conscious of merit is the best reward ;  
Pious Æneas will quickly then impart,  
No small addition to your high desert.  
Ascanius, in the stage of life most bright,  
Will ever think on you with fresh delight.”

“ Yes, gladly,” said Ascanius, “ I swear,  
By the great Pēnates to me most dear ;  
And more by hoary Vesta’s sacred fane,  
I only wish to see my Sire again ;  
My hope and confidence in you I rest,  
Only restore my Father to my breast ;  
Restore my Father to his favourite boy,  
His presence will change sadness into joy.  
Two silver cups, with embossed figures wrought,  
My Father from Arisba’s ruins brought ;  
Two golden talents, glittering to the eyes ;  
Two massy tripods of unwieldy size :  
With these an antique goblet which my Sire  
Received from the hand of Dido Queen of Tyre.  
And if victorious, I should Latium gain,  
For spoil draw lots, and sovereign power obtain ;

On what fierce courser hast thou not beheld  
Proud Turnus ride in armour to the field ?  
That courser, shield and crest, from lot debarred,  
Nisus, to thee I give—thy just reward,  
Besides, my Sire will give twelve captives fair,  
And twice six captive youths, equipt with care.  
These wide domains Latinus occupies,  
Shall all be thine, for daring such a bold emprise.  
But thou, O youth, whose years come nearer mine,  
With joy now to my ardent breast I join,  
As an associate, and a bosom friend,  
To share with me the toils which war attend.  
No fame will I acquire and thou not share,  
No project form without thy union there ;  
Alike in peace and war, be thou my guide,  
The care of both to thee I will confide.”

To whom Euryalus in answer said :  
“ No day shall witness me to such a deed,  
Unequal to the task : so may great Jove,  
To all my bold attempts propitious prove.  
Above all others, one thing yet I crave ;  
A Mother sprung from Priam’s race I have,  
Nor Ilion, nor Silicia could restrain,  
Her feeble feet from crossing o’er the main.

To thy protection her I now consign,  
Sustain her aged limbs in life's decline ;  
I leave her now unconscious of her fate,  
Unvisited, and in a mournful state.  
By thy right hand, and conscious night I swear,  
I cannot thus a Mother's sorrows bear.  
Permit me hence this hope to bear in mind,  
That she in you relief will always find,  
And you in her a Friend, and Mother kind.  
With greater courage will my bosom glow,  
With greater courage meet the fiercest foe."

At this the Trojans all gave way to tears,  
Struck with such thoughts from one so green in years.  
But most of all the fair Iulus strove,  
Suffused with tears, his ardent zeal to prove,  
So great was his regard to filial love.  
And thus his joy expressed : " Receive, fair youth,  
All thou hast asked, be thine the meed of truth.  
Yes, she shall be my Mother, and the name  
Alone, be wanting to complete the same.  
To her who brought forth such a noble son,  
No small degree of reverence shall be shown.  
Now, by this head, my Father's oath I vow,  
Whatever gifts I promise to bestow,

Shall truly be performed at thy return,  
And both thy Mother, and thy race adorn."

Thus, weeping, spoke the Prince, and forth he drew  
Out of the sheath his glittering sword to view  
Lycaon in the task his skill displayed,  
And in an ivory scabbard sheathed the blade.  
To Nisus, Mnestheus gave the tawny hide  
Of a Sicilian lion once the pride.  
And anxious such true merit to reward,  
An helm Alethes gave, a token of regard.  
Thus armed, they quit the tent 'mid loud applause,  
And ardent prayers to bless their noble cause ;  
Foremost the fair Iulus came, who bears  
A mind and dignity above his years,  
And for their welfare breathed a fervent prayer ;  
But, lo ! it perished, borne through trackless air.

'The trenches past, and 'mid the gloom of night,  
They to the hostile camp direct their flight.  
Lo, on the plain the scattered foes recline,  
Half dead with rioting, debauch, and wine.  
Confusedly stand the empty cars around,  
And charioteers bestrew the encumbered ground.  
Whilst arms and goblets scattered here and there,  
Denote the sad concomitants of war.

Then first the son of Hyrtacus began :  
“ ’Twill be, Euryalus, our wisest plan,  
To rush upon them by surprise ; the night,  
The hour and place all equally invite.  
Here lies our way ; do thou with caution ward  
This pass, lest we be charged when off our guard ;  
Whilst I with furious rage will fight my way,  
And through the foe an open passage lay.”

Thus having spoke, instant he thrust his sword  
In Rhamnes’ breast, a proud, imperious lord,  
Who on a couch of tapestry, supine,  
In sleep profound, breathed forth the fumes of wine.  
A King and Augur he, by Turnus loved,  
And in the art of augury well proved,  
Although to him another’s fate was known,  
With all his art could not foretell his own.  
Near him reclined upon the ground, three slaves,  
By his victorious arm soon found their graves.  
Then Rhemus’ squire he slew, thrown from his seat  
Headlong ; a charioteer next met his fate.  
Lo Rhemus’ self, among the rest is slain,  
His head, by one stroke severed, flies amain ;  
The purple stream thence issued from the wound,  
Upon his bloody couch down to the ground.

And also Lamyus and Lamus shared  
Alike, and young Seranus unprepared ;  
In gaming sports he passed his time away,  
Till drunk with wine, in sleep profound he lay ;  
Happy had he endured throughout the night,  
And kept awake till the return of light.

An hungry lion thus in ambush lies,  
Near the full sheepcote, and with watchful eyes  
The fair occasion takes with furious leap ;  
He rushes, seizes, tears the harmless sheep ;  
Trembling they lie ; his greedy jaws run o'er  
With lacerated flesh commixt with gore.  
Just so Euryalus, with courage fraught,  
And with his passions to their acmè wrought,  
Destroys all in his way with equal rage ;  
Fadus and Hebesus with him engage ;  
Then Abaris and Rhœtus meet their doom ;  
Rhœtus, a spy, with cowardice o'ercome,  
Behind an earthen jar himself concealed,  
That might him from the impending danger shield,  
Which he perceived, and with a rising blow,  
He pierced his coward breast, and laid him low.  
With certain death he from the reeking wound  
Drew back the steel, and crimsoned all the ground.

Euryalus with fiercer ardour glows,  
Pursues the slaughter with redoubled blows.  
And now he had with sanguinary hand  
Reached in his course Messapus and his band ;  
When he perceived the enemy's last fire,  
Yet faintly glimmering, and at length expire.  
And, unconfined, their coursers he beheld  
Pasture as usual on the open field.

Then Nisus briefly thus his friend addressed,  
(For he perceived that they were both impressed  
Too much with love of slaughter and of gain :)  
“ Let us desist, sufficient foes are slain ;  
The way lies open, and the night's far spent,  
The morn's inimical to our intent.”  
The tapestry, cups, and weapons of the slain,  
They leave behind them on the bloody plain,  
Save that Euryalus in haste laid hold  
On Rhamnes' harness, and his belt, with gold  
Thick studded, which gift Cædicus had sent  
To Remulus of Tibur, with intent,  
Though absent, to preserve inviolate  
The sacred bond of friendship's peaceful state,  
And he, while yet in being, to his son  
Gave to possess ; after his death 'twas won,



With the expense of many a wound and scar,  
By a Rutulian in the time of war.  
With these the youth to fit himself essayed,  
In vain, for different arms his limbs were made.  
Messapus' helm he then put on, whose crest,  
Of various dyes, high towered above the rest.  
They quit the hostile camp, and speed their feet,  
In hope to find a more secure retreat.

Three hundred horsemen from Laurentum sent,  
Instant arrived, and to King Turnus' tent  
Direct their course : all glittering armour wore ;  
And Volscens, being their chief, despatches bore.  
The horse with greater speed pursue their way ;  
Whilst the slow-moving foot their march delay.  
The troops advanced, when they at distance saw  
The youths aside their hasty steps withdraw.  
The helm which just now graced Messapus' head,  
Upon the ground a bright reflection shed,  
Occasioned by the moon's opposing light,  
Betrayed the youths amid the shades of night.  
Volscens, in tone which made the plains resound,  
Exclaims : " From whence, why armed, and whither bound ?"  
No answer 's made, but to the woods they hie,  
And for their safety on the night rely.

The troops the well-known paths encompass round,  
And every opening with a guard surround.  
Here was a thicket, which extended wide,  
And fenced with briers and thorns on every side,  
To which an unfrequented passage led,  
Through hidden tracks and lonely crossways spread.  
The boughs obstruct his course, his weighty prey,  
And fear of deviating from the way,  
Impede Euryalus, and cause delay ;  
While Nisus, heedless of his friend, avoids  
The foe, and through the tangled thicket glides  
To Alba's plains, when he, in vain to find  
His absent friend, cast many a look behind.  
In accents sad he thus expressed his grief :  
" O most unhappy youth ! why did I leave  
Thee thus ? where shall I seek thee ? tracing back  
My dubious steps through many a winding track."

Meanwhile with speed he backward turned his course,  
When from the silent brake the trampling horse,  
And sounds of men in arms, assail his ears ;  
Nearer they come—in sight they now appear !  
Nisus amid the wood espies his friend ;  
The foes pursue him ; onward now they bend

Their hostile course ; the tumult spreads amain—  
Euryalus to 'scape attempts in vain.

“What force, what arms the ruffian band shall brave,  
Or from their cruel rage my comrade save?

Shall I rush headlong 'midst the numerous host?

To ransom him, though it my life should cost,  
I should not deem that life ignobly lost.”

Then, with uplifted arm, he poised his spear,  
And to bright Luna breathed this fervent prayer :

“O thou chaste Goddess! guardian of the grove,  
And Queen of those bright orbs of light above,  
May this my weak attempt successful prove.

If ever my much honoured Father aught  
For me to thy most solemn altars brought ;  
If I e'er from the chase victorious came,  
The choicest spoils made sacred to thy name ;  
Permit me to disperse this hostile band,  
And guide this dart with an unerring hand.”


He said, and hurling with his utmost might,  
The steel he cast ; it beat the shades of night,  
Then in huge Sulma's back it quickly sunk,  
The broken shaft infix'd, his life-blood drunk.  
Prone on the earth he falls, and from the wound  
Now issues forth the sanguine stream around.

Amazed, they search on every side the plain,  
To find the latent foe. Fearless, again  
He hurls with double force a second dart.  
Aghast, they now in wild confusion start—  
The hissing spear through Tagus' temples went,  
Deep lodged, his scattered brains obtain free vent.  
Fierce Volscens burns with rage, to him unknown  
By whom, or whence the fatal shafts were thrown.  
“On thee,” he cries, “on thee I'll wreak my wrath,  
And in thy blood full vengeance take for both.”  
Instant he hid his gleaming falchion deep  
In brave Euryalus, who fell to endless sleep.  
Nisus no longer could his rage restrain,  
But from his ambushade bursts forth amain,  
And cries: “On me—on me convert your arms,  
'Tis I alone have caused such dire alarms;  
The deed is mine, the darts by me were thrown,  
This youth nor did, nor could he aught have done.  
Bear witness Heaven, and conscious stars above,  
He to his friend bore only too much love.”  
These words he uttered, but too late addressed,  
The steel upraised had pierced his comrade's breast.  
Behold Euryalus in death is laid!  
O'er his fair limbs the purple streams pervade;

His fallen neck, of strength deprived, now sunk,  
And fell reclined upon his lifeless trunk !  
Like some fair flower which 'scaped the northern blast,  
But by the cruel share mown down at last ;  
Or like a poppy, overcharged with dew,  
Hangs down its drooping head, and shrinks from view.  
Thus this fair flower resigned its latest breath,  
And in its prime met an untimely death.  
But Nisus, furious, rushes through the throng,  
Volscens alone he seeks the host among.  
'Tis he alone his eager eyes pursue,  
Nor rest till close they bring him to his view.  
The gathering crowd on every side increase ;  
Nisus still presses on, till face to face  
They meet ; and brandishing his flaming sword,  
He deadly wounds the proud Rutulian lord.  
Then on his much loved friend's yet bleeding breast,  
Lifeless he fell, and sank to pleasing rest.

Hail ! noble, generous Pair ! thrice happy, hail !  
If aught the efforts of my muse avail,  
Time shall not your illustrious names deface,  
But on your memory stamp immortal praise ;  
Whilst Rome its ancient splendour shall maintain,  
And whilst Æneas' race imperial sway retain !

## THE VICTIM OF FIDELITY.


 IN Caledonia's unenclosed wilds,  
 Uncultivated, drear, and desolate,  
 Where Nature in her rudest garb appears,  
 Upon a rugged mountain, bare and bleak,  
 Rose the lone cottage of a shepherd swain.  
 Here, free from strife's corroding care, he spent  
 His days in an uninterrupted flow  
 Of rural happiness. His sole employ  
 His flocks and herds to tend. His slender pipe,  
 Whose simple notes the untaught ear could please,  
 And Tray, the guardian of his fleecy charge—  
 Whose fond caresses are not flattery—  
 By turns beguiled and cheered his vacant hours.  
 While thus he lived in unmolested peace,  
 Urged by necessity one day he went,  
 On traffic's errand, to a neighbouring fair,  
 Part of his flocks and herds there to dispose of.  
 With signs and wonted looks well understood

By each, the rest, until he should return,  
He to the charge of faithful Tray consigned.

Then Tray, meanwhile, who with affection kind  
His master loved, with unremitting care  
Tended his little flock both night and day,  
Waiting with patience his loved lord's return.

Full four long days detained by sad mishap,  
He from the fair returned, regained his cot,  
And eagerly inquired for trusty Tray.  
Alas! in vain he information sought.  
With heartfelt grief he thus exclaimed: "Thy fate  
I know—a hapless prey thou hast become  
To thy fidelity." But eager hope,  
Still lingering, and unwilling to depart  
From his despondent breast, winged his slow feet,  
And to the mountain's top he hastened quick.

Here, at his post, he found his faithful dog,  
Watching his flocks and herds. Him when he saw  
He rose, and slowly struggling to approach—  
Alas! his strength soon failed. With silent joy  
He feebly fawned, and licked his master's hand,  
Then at his feet he fell, looked up, and died!

## FIDELITATIS VICTIMA.

**L**ONGÈ inculta super præcelsa cacumina montis,  
 In rudi natura ubi veste apparet amicta,  
 Per dumesque Caledonias habitavit agrestis,

Qui turbâ procul omni, omni curâque solutus,

Gaudia gustavit pastoris dulcia vitæ.

Cui indoctam quæ mulceat aurem dulcis arena,

Atque canis nunquam non fidus munere fungi.

Cujus nunquam blanditiæque fuere dolosæ,

Decurrentes horas delusere vicissim.

Dum sic degebat vitam, clamore remoto,

Directurus iter quò surgunt mænia magna ;

Vultibus ac solitis signis tunc usque rediret,

Ballantes agnas tradit servare Lycissæ.

Nunc et ab urbe regressus, limine jamque recepto,

Progeniem quærit, quærit fidamque Lycisscam.

Certam notitiam nequaquam acquirere quebat,—

Atque dolore severo, cœlum vocibus implet :

“Fatum nosco tuum,” exclamans, “ah victima veri



Infelix !” Sed spes ardens et credula, semper  
Afflictum tarda atque invita relinquere pectus,  
Passibus extemplò dedit alas ; culmina montis  
Quærit, iter properans inter compendia ruris.  
Quærens jamque diu, ecce ! Lycisscam munere fidam  
Invenit, servantem agnas armentaque læta.  
Cum primum conspexerit ægrè surgit et illum  
Accedit titubans. In plus non membra valebant.  
Hæc blandita est, lætitia correpta silento,  
Leniter allambens plantas dextramque magistri ;  
Tunc, pedibus labens oculis jam jamque gravatis,  
Heu ! membris placidâ fessis in mortis quievit.



## MAY MORN.

COMPOSED BY O. TUNNICLIFFE.



NOW glows the purpling East and orient beams,  
 That thwart the azure, gild the rosy gleams  
 Of new-born day. The mountain's fir-clad brow  
 Reflects the effulgence of the light below.  
 Through larger streams of brighter light is seen,  
 The budding Larch's dew-bespangled green.  
 Soft steals the russet hue o'er heathy hills,  
 The vales below, gray, wavy vapour fills.  
 The twinkling stars, shorn of their modest rays,  
 The welkin hides, or glimmeringly displays.  
 The tiny glow-worm's lustre, dim and pale,  
 Illumes no more the dark sequestered vale.  
 Now wider streams the tide of liquid light,  
 Till heaven's horizon bounds the raptured sight.  
 And in full orb, the regent of the day,  
 Chases the lingering morning's mists away.



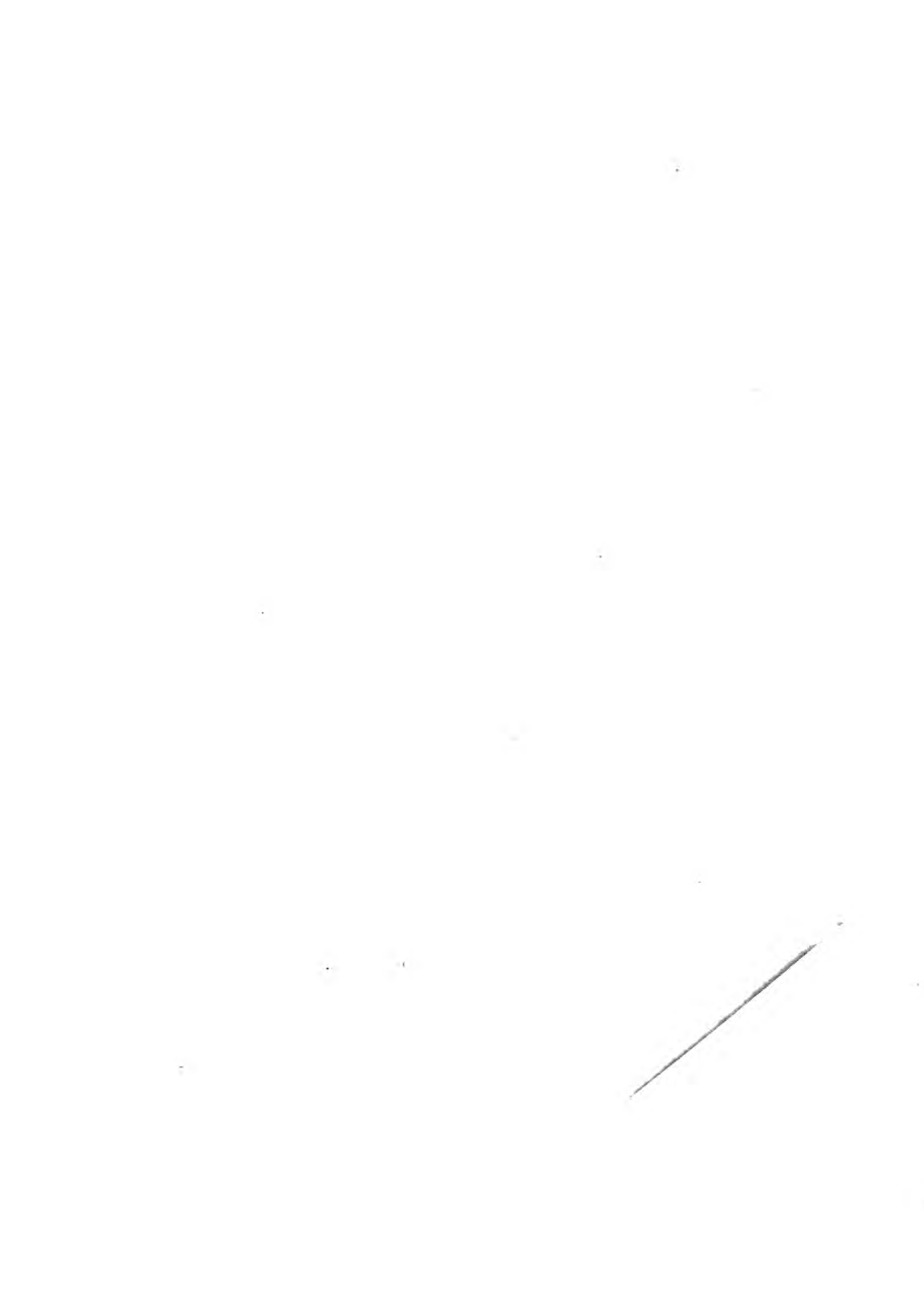


*"His radiance now, descending from the hill."—Page 62.*



His radiance now, descending from the hill,  
Resplendent glitters on the trembling rill,  
Where steals o'er golden sands the silvery tide,  
And waves the willowy marge with sportive glide  
Or mazy winding, with green umbrage crowned,  
Its stilly bubbling lulls with soothing sound,  
The boughs, bespangled o'er with pendent dew,  
Reflect tinged mirrors of a thousand hues.  
Poor Lubin's footsteps on the tell-tale grass,  
Points to the cottage of his favourite lass ;  
And on the dewy sward adown the glade,  
Is traced the early shepherd's onward tread.  
Warbling their matins on the waving spray,  
The feathered songsters carol in the day,  
Or, shrilly greet, on pinions soaring high,  
Till lost with towering in the vaulted sky.

Zephyrs, that slumbered in the Lily's bell,  
Whispering, forsake their perfumed freckled cell ;  
Soft breathe, and wily sport among the bowers,  
And bow with tender kiss the opening flowers.  
Haste, Zephyrs ! rob each flower of perfume sweet,  
And fly, by early dawn, my fair to meet ;  
With kisses bland, and melting murmurs move,  
And woo her gently to my sighing love.

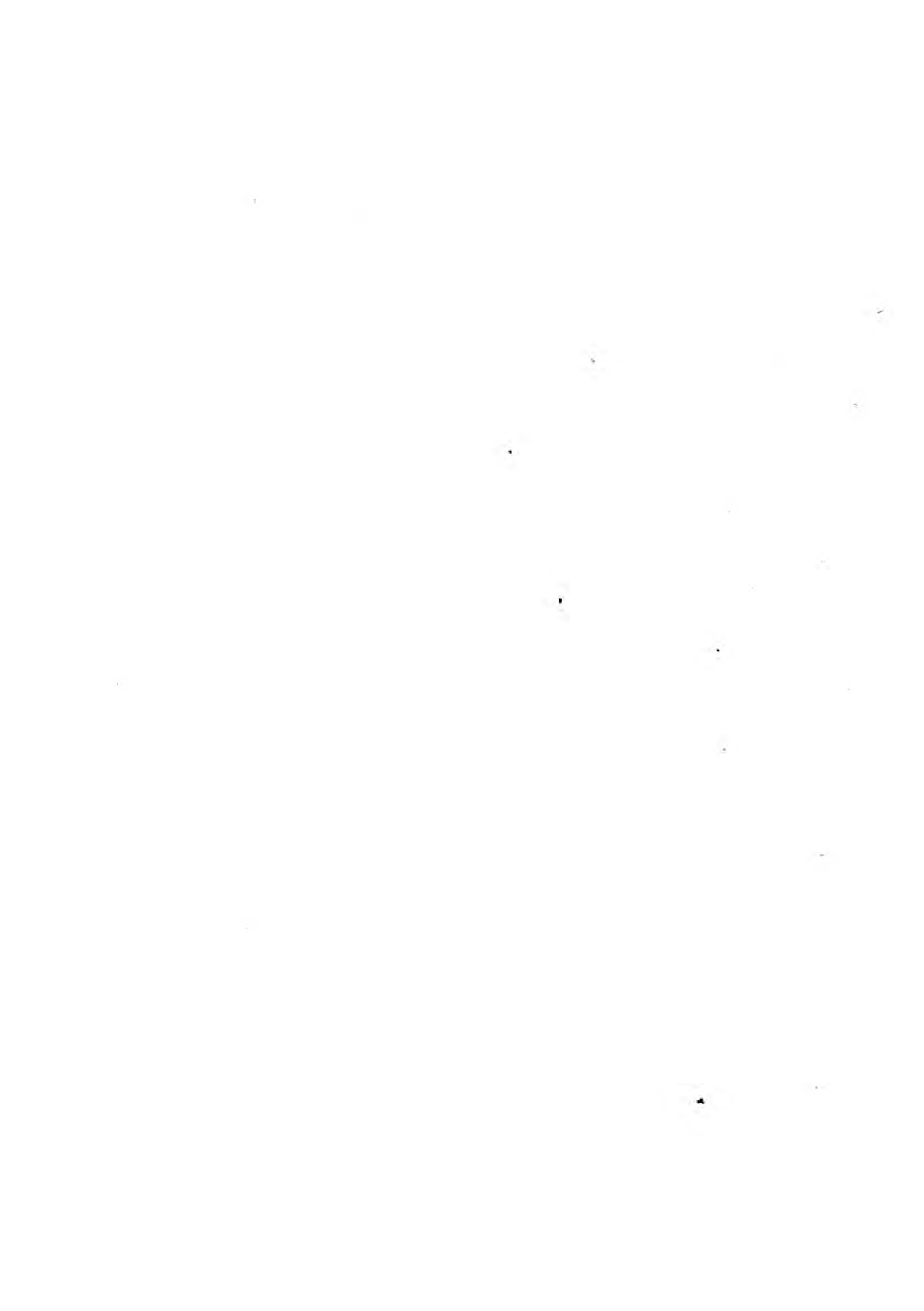






*"His radiance now, descending from the hill."—Page 62.*





Soft flutter on her breast divinely fair,  
And sport her auburn tresses in the air ;  
Breathe on her waking ear this tender sigh,  
Tell her for her I live, for her I die ;  
That, whether sitting in the arching shade,  
Or on the grotto's mossy pallet laid,  
Or woe-begone, in solitude I rove,  
Nought claims a wish, a thought, but her and love.



## AURORA MAII.

TRANSLATED BY J. WALKER.

“Frigora dant rami, Tyrias humus humida flores.”—VIRGIL.



AM radii surgunt clari æthere Solis ad ortus,  
 Cœruleumque polum inaurant splendore corusco,  
 Fulgente Aurorâ roseâ. Fastigia montis,  
 Per pinos proceras, lumen ponè reflectunt.  
 Jamque larix viridis comparet rore coruscans  
 Rivos per majores fusos lucis amænæ.  
 Collis subrufusque color nunc repit ocellis;  
 Vallem undantem fluctibus implet roscidus humor.  
 Jam nunc astra corusca modeste tonsa nitore,  
 Æther velat nubibus, aut velare videtur,  
 Parva cicendelæ lux, pallet et exit in auras,  
 Nec radianti lumine vallem illustrato opacam.  
 En liquidæ lucis major jam profluit æstus,  
 Undique prospectum jam cœli finit horizon,

Orbe renascens pleno, rex rectorque diei,  
Jam rutilus radiis cunctantia nubila pellit.  
Jam nunc splendor descendit de monte supino,  
Luce repercussâ rivus tremulo igne coruscat,  
Per flavus argenteus æstus manet arenas,  
Læto humectans lapsu littora plena salictis ;  
Aut sinuosos, per frondosa umbracula serpit,  
Atque susurrans aures molli murmure mulcet.  
Arbor guttas dependenti rore renidens,  
In speculis variis, varioque colore reflectit.  
Nunc vestigia Damætæ udo gramine visa,  
Ad sedes humiles conducunt dulcis amicæ ;  
Et per roratas herbas in valle reducta,  
Manê patescunt signa pedum pastoris agrestis.  
Et gracili ramo modulantes carmina blanda,  
Plumata volucres arguto gutture fundunt,  
Aut sursum sublatae quærent æthera pennis,  
Dum ex oculis cedunt in nubes axe profunda.

Nunc calyces, quo dormitârunt nocte, Favoni  
Linquunt concrepitantes. Non sine murmure leni  
Floribus afflant. Ludentes per roscida rura,  
Nunc inflectunt lilia, nunc dant oscula myrtis.  
Eja, Favoni ! dulces floribus aufer odores,  
Advola, prima luce, meæque sis obvius Annæ,

Ac molli, suspirans illam murmure mulce,  
Suadens atque meo fac fautrix adsit amori ;  
Leniter et blandè volitato in pectore pulchro,  
Fac tenui fluitare aura sine lege capilli ;  
Attentis dato auribus hæc suspiria blanda,  
Dicite, pro illa luce fruor, lucemque relinquo ;  
Num recubans sub tegmine luci frigora capto,  
Num muscoso antri prostratus membra cubili,  
Num curas tristes tacitus sub corde voluto,  
Nil nisi fervens ignis amoris pectora torquet.



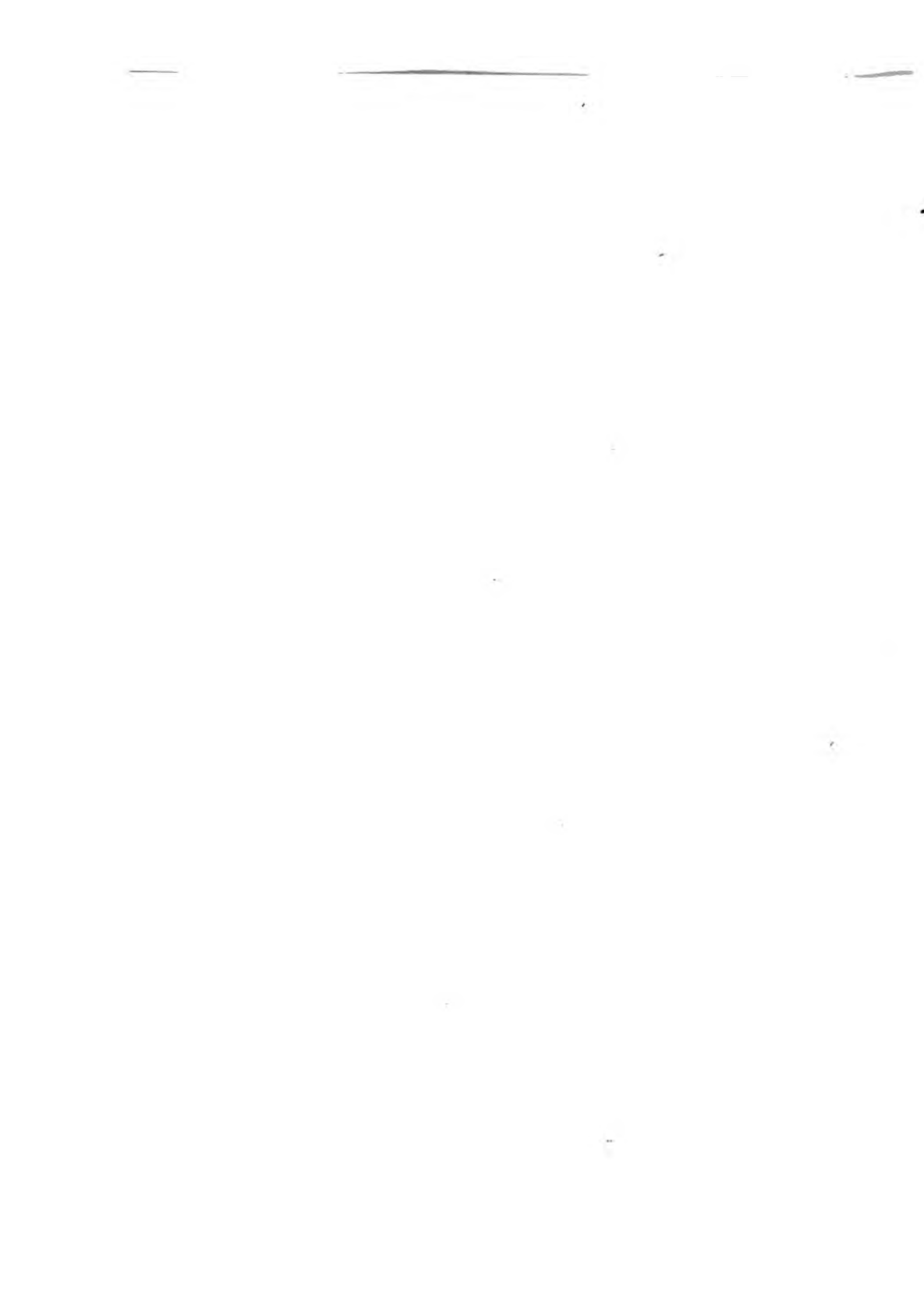
## A WINTER PIECE.

BY DR AIKEN.

**I**T was a Winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,  
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,  
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewildered in her way,  
Pressed her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say :

“ O cruel was my Father, that shut his door on me,  
And cruel was my Mother, that such a sight could see,  
And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with cold ;  
But crueller than all, the lad that left his love for gold.

“ Hush, hush, my lovely baby! I'll warm thee in my breast;  
Ah, little thinks thy Father how sadly we're distressed ;  
For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,  
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.





*"Then down she sank, despairing, upon the drifted snow."—Page 68.*



“ Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is gone :  
O let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down ;  
My tears that gush so warm, oh ! they freeze before they fall :  
Ah, wretched, wretched Mother ! thou ’rt now bereft of all.”

Then down she sank, despairing, upon the drifted snow,  
And wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe ;  
She kissed her baby’s pale lips, and laid it by her side,  
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bowed her head and died !





C. J. STANLEY

"The Snows of Winter"





*"Then down she sank, despairing, upon the drifted snow."—Page 68.*



## CARMEN HYEMALE.



NOX hyberna fuit, nix et descendit Olympo,  
 Stridit per campum, sæva procella furens ;  
 Cum per devia lustrans, heu ! deserta puella,  
 Infantem gremio pressit, et ore ululat :

“ Ah ! crudelis,” ait, “ genitor qui ex limine trusit,  
 Et genitrix potuit quæ quoque tali pati ;  
 Crudelis Boreas est, qui urit frigore pectus ;  
 Sed magis expers qui vitat amore puer.

“ Designe, designe, filiole, en ! nunc pectore ponam ;  
 Ah ! pater ignorat quam mala fata premunt ;  
 Crudelis quamvis est, si mala nostra paterent,  
 Ventas arceret nunc hyememque ferum.

“ Ah ! gelidum, gelidum, carissime ! vita reliquit :  
Da lacrymis tepidis te revocare meis ;  
Ante cadunt lacrymæ stillantes usque gelascunt.  
Infelix genetrix ! omnia rapta tibi.”


In nive tum despondens est collapsa madenti,  
Ac deploravit pressa dolore malâ ;  
Oscula tum dedit infanti, juxtaque locavit :  
Sublatis oculis, haud mora vita fugit !



## DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

FROM A POEM ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL ABERCROMBIE.

BY SAMUEL WALKER. 


**S**OON as Aurora oped the gates of day,  
 The glittering hosts moved on in proud array ;  
 Muttering defiance, slowly each proceeds ;  
 To sullen murmurs, silence dread succeeds.  
 Then on they mutual rush, in conflict dire,  
 'Mid clouds of volleyed smoke commixt with fire !  
 At distance heard, the thundering cannon roars,  
 And wakes the echoes of the caverned shores.  
 And now of sounds the direful uproar near,  
 In horrible confusion meets the ear :  
 The rattling gallop of the neighing steed,  
 The yells, and prayers, and groans of those who bleed ;  
 The clangor of the trumpet's brazen throat,  
 The deeply rolling drum, the fife's shrill note,  
 The clash of armour : all the din of war,  
 Rolled on the murmuring winds is borne afar.



## PUGNÆ DESCRIPTIO.

TRANSLATED BY J. WALKER.



UM primum pandit portas Aurora diei,  
 Hostis ad arma vocavit, disposuitque phalangem ;  
 Agmen vindictam mussans procedit utrumque,  
 Anxietati jamque silenti murmure cedunt.  
 Mutuò tunc illi incurrunt certamine diro,  
 Inter opaci commista igne volumina fumi !  
 Tormentum reboat terribile fulgura spargens,  
 Atque repercussas excitans littore voces.  
 Accedens propè jamque sonorum turba tremenda,  
 In dissensu terribili pervenit ad aures ;  
 Ungula equi crepitantes per campumque sonantes,  
 Atque preces, quæstus, gemitus cum sanguine fusi ;  
 Faucibus ac clangor quem buxus fundit ahenis,  
 Ictibus atque sonantia tympana, tibia belli,  
 Armorum fremitus : sonus omnis Martis acerbi,  
 Murmure ventus invectus procul acre fertur.

## SCRIPTURÆ.

SELECT PORTIONS OF THE SACRED WRITINGS PARAPHRASED.

Jacob's Blessing, wherewith he blessed his twelve Sons, on his death-bed, (being one hundred forty and seven years old,) each according to his blessing.—GEN. xlix.



WHEN time with age the hoary head had crowned  
Of Jacob, the good Patriarch, his Sons  
Into his presence called, and thus bespake :

Ye Sons of Jacob, gather ye yourselves  
Together and attend ; unto the words  
Give ear of Israel your Sire, the while  
In voice prophetic I to each unfold  
What shall befall him in the latter days.

Reuben, thou art the first-born of thy Sire,  
My might, and the beginning of my strength,  
Of dignity and power the excellence.  
As water yields to pressure, thou shalt yield,  
Unstable ever, thou shalt not excel ;

Because thou wentest up unto my couch,  
And didst with shame thy Father's bed defile.

Lo, Simeon and Levi brethren are,  
They lie in tents concealed, of cruelty  
The weapons fell and numerous. O my soul,  
Into their secret enter not, and thou,  
Mine honour, with them ne'er unite !  
For in their anger fierce the men they slew  
Of Shechem, and threw down their city's wall.  
Their anger cursèd be, for it was fierce ;  
Their wrath, for it was cruel : them between  
Shall union cease ; in Jacob they shall be  
Divided, and in Israel wide dispersed.

Judah, on thee thy brethren all shall praise  
Bestow and honour ; 'neath thy potent arm  
Shall bend the stubborn necks of all thy foes,  
And even thy Father's children bow to thee.  
Judah, thou art a lion's whelp ; my son,  
Thou from the prey art risen : he stooped down,  
Couched as a lion, who shall him arouse ?  
The Sceptre shall from Judah ne'er depart,  
Nor fail Lawgiver until Shiloh come,  
(Who shall the nations gather to himself,)  
Binding his foal unto the fruitful vine,

And unto the choice vine his ass's colt.  
In wine he washed his garments, and his clothes  
In blood of grapes : his eyes shall reddened be  
With wine oft drank, and white his teeth with milk.

Zebulon, thou the coast shalt occupy,  
Of ocean far extending ; to thy ports,  
Secure shall merchant vessels proudly ride,  
With produce rich from distant climes full fraught ;  
And Zidon's coast thy utmost bound shall be.

Issacher is an ass, strong, toil-inured,  
Between two burdens couching : rest he saw  
Was good, that pleasant was the land and fair ;  
Patient he bowed his neck the yoke beneath,  
And unto tribute he became a slave.

Dan o'er his people shall in judgment sit,  
As one of the twelve tribes of Israel.  
Dan, like a subtle serpent in the grass,  
An adder in the path, in ambush lies :  
The courser's heels he bites ; lo, sudden starts  
Aside in wild dismay the wounded steed,  
While from his seat the rider backward falls.—  
For thy salvation I have waited, Lord !

Gad by a troop shall first be overcome :  
But finally shall vanquish all his foes.

Asher, out of thee fatness shall arise ;  
Thy fruitful land shall royal dainties yield.

Naphthali is a nimble-footed hind,  
Let loose the spacious plain at will to range :  
Kind, comely words out of his mouth proceed.

Joseph, he is a bough, a fruitful bough,  
That flourishes beside a fountain clear,  
Whose branches o'er the wall luxuriant run.  
The archers sorely have embittered him ;  
Their aim they took, and 'gainst him hatred bore.  
Nathless his bow always in strength abode ;  
For by the hands of Jacob's mighty God  
His weapons were made strong, invincible :  
(Thence is the Shepherd, Israel's corner-stone )  
Even by thy Father's God omnipotent,  
Who shall assist thee ; by the Almighty, who  
Shall bless thee with heaven's blessings from above,  
With blessings of the deep that lies beneath,  
With blessings of the breasts and of the womb ;  
The blessings of thy Father have prevailed  
'Bove all the blessings of my ancestors,  
To the utmost bound of the eternal hills :  
These blessings shall upon the head descend

Of Joseph—rest upon the crown of him  
Who from his brethren long was separate.

Benjamin, he shall ravin : as a wolf,  
In quest of plunder, prowls the woods among,  
He in the morning shall devour the prey,  
And shall at night the plundered spoil divide.



## MOSES' SONG.

The Song of Moses and the children of Israel, after their deliverance out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage, when they had passed through the midst of the Red Sea on dry land ; but the Egyptians attempting the same, the waters returned, and Pharaoh and all his host were overwhelmed in the Red Sea.—EXOD. xv.



WHEN Moses and the Sons of Israel all  
 In strains of grateful praise their voice lift up :  
 “ I ’ll sing unto the Lord, His wondrous works,  
 To all mankind dispensed, high celebrate ;  
 For He a glorious victory o’er His foes  
 Hath gained triumphant ; ’neath the foaming waves  
 Of ocean, horse and horseman hath He plunged.”  
 Jehovah is my strength, He is my song,  
 And now He my salvation is become :  
 My God, and I will Him a place prepare :  
 My Father’s God, and Him I will exalt.  
 Jehovah is a mighty man of war ;  
 The Lord Jehovah is His glorious name !  
 Lo, He the chariots and the host immense  
 Hath ’whelmed of Pharaoh in the ocean’s depth,

And perished are his chosen captains, too,  
In the Red Sea, sunk in the deep abyss.

In power is Thy right hand, O Lord, become  
All glorious : perished hath the haughty foe  
'Neath Thy right arm omnipotent, O Lord ;  
And in the greatness of Thy excellence,  
The bold insurgents who against Thee rose  
Rebellious, Thou hast crushed beneath Thy feet :  
Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which them, as fire  
Amongst the stubble, utterly consumed.  
Thy breath went forth, and lo, the waters flowed,  
Obedient, to one place collective driven,  
Floods heaped on floods shook, mountain-like, erect,  
And in the ocean's heart, the depths congealed.  
The foe insulting said : " I will pursue,  
I will o'ertake, I will divide the spoil ;  
Nor cease until my full desire on them  
Shall meet satiety ; my sword I'll draw  
Death-fraught, and my strong arm shall them destroy."  
Thou breakest on the sea—uprose a storm  
Tempestuous, dreadful yawned the deep,  
They sank, as lead, into the gulph profound.  
Of all the gods to whom the heathen pay  
Homage divine, who is like thee, O Lord ?



Like Thee, in holiness, all glorious, pure,  
 In praises fearful, working wonders great !  
 Thou stretchest out Thine arm omnipotent,  
 The earth oped horribly her greedy jaws,  
 Headlong they fell into the dismal chasm,  
 Then closed again, and left no trace behind.

Thy mercy led the people forth, O Lord,  
 Whom with Thy puissant arm Thou hast redeemed  
 From servitude : unto Thy blest abode  
 Safe guidance in Thy strength, the wanderers found.  
 The inhabitants shall hear, and be appalled :  
 Sorrow upon thy children shall take hold,  
 O Palestina ! consternation great  
 Thy dukes, O Edom ! seize ; thy mighty men,  
 O Moab ! with sudden fear shall be amazed ;  
 And thy inhabitants, O Canaan ! melt away.  
 On them shall fear and terror instant fall ;  
 They by Thy power shall, as a stone, be still :  
 Until Thy people shall pass over, Lord,—  
 Until the people pass, which Thou hast bought.  
 Thou, being their guide, upon the holy mount  
 Shalt plant them, of Thine own inheritance—  
 The place which Thou, Lord, hast for Thy abode  
 Prepared,—the holy Sanctuary Thy hands,

O Lord, established.

The Lord of Hosts eternally shall reign ;  
For lo, the horse, the chariots, and the men  
Perished of Pharaoh in the sea ; the Lord  
The parted stream caused refluent re-unite,  
And o'er them close : but Israel's chosen sons  
Were on dry land conducted through the sea.



## BALAAM'S PARABLES.

When Balak, King of Moab, sent for him out of Aram, to prophesy against the children of Israel. But he was not permitted to denounce evil against them. He foretellet their prosperity, and prophesieth of the Star of Jacob, and the destruction of several nations.—NUMB. xxiii. and xxiv.



FROM Aram, from the mountains of the East,  
Hath Balak, King of Moab, called me forth,  
Saying, "Come, curse me Jacob ; come, Israel defy."

How shall I curse those whom God hath not cursed ?

Or how shall I defy those whom the Lord

Hath not defied ? For from the mountain's top

I see Him, from the rocks I Him behold :

This people, chosen of God, shall dwell apart,

Unnumbered with the nations of the earth.

For who can count the dust of Jacob ? who

Can number the fourth part of Israel's seed ?

As dies the righteous man, so let me die !

And my last end, let it resemble his !

Rise, Balak, rise ; my words attentive hear,  
Thou son of Zippor. God is not a man,  
That He should lie ; neither the son of man,  
That He should e'er repent : hath He declared,  
And shall He not perform ? Hath he pronounced,  
And shall He not his sacred Word make good ?  
Behold, I have received command divine  
To bless ; and God hath blessed, and in no wise  
Can I reverse the Lord's supreme behest,  
'Gainst Jacob God nor violence approves,  
'Gainst Israel's offspring nor afflictions sore.  
For ever present is the Lord his God  
With him, and 'midst his people, joyful sounds  
The triumphs of a King o'er all his foes.  
From Egypt,—from captivity the Lord  
Led them : His strength exceeds the Unicorn's.  
Surely, against Jacob can no magic charm,  
No divination 'gainst Israel prevail ;  
So that, regarding what God shall perform  
For their deliverance now, it shall be said  
Of Jacob and Israel : "What hath God wrought ?"  
As wakes the lion eager for his prey,  
As the young lion lifteth up himself ;  
So Israel shall arise, nor rest obtain,

Till of the dreadful slaughter he partake,  
And with the victim's blood his thirst allay.

---

Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said,—  
Whose eyes, erst shut, but open now, hath said ;  
Who heard the words of God, who, in a trance,  
(Yet open were his eyes) the vision hath  
Of the Almighty seen, lo, he hath said :  
How beautiful, O Jacob, are thy tents !  
Thy tabernacles, O Israel, how fair !  
As fruitful valleys are they spread around,  
As gardens watered by the crystal stream,  
And as Lign Aloes planted by the Lord ;  
As lofty Cedars by the river's side.  
Water shall from the urn of Jacob flow ;  
As sand upon the shore his seed shall be ;  
His King a more exalted rank shall claim  
Than Agag, and his kingdom wider sway.  
From Egypt,—from captivity the Lord  
Led them : His strength exceeds the Unicorn's.  
He shall the nations, foes to him, consume ;

Shall break their bones, and pierce them with his shafts.  
He couched, and as a lion he lay down,  
As a great lion : who shall him arouse ?—  
Who blesseth thee is blessed, who curseth, cursed.

---

Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said,—the man  
Whose eyes, erst shut, but open now, hath said :  
Who heard the words of God, the knowledge, who,  
Of the Most Highest knew ; who, in a trance,  
(Yet open were his eyes) the vision hath  
Of the Almighty seen ; lo, he hath said :  
“ I shall perceive him, but not now : I shall  
Behold him, but not nigh : a Star shall come  
Out of thee, Jacob, and a Sceptre rise,  
Israel, from midst of thee, the chiefs shall smite  
Of Moab, and the sons of Sheth destroy ;  
And Edom shall for a possession be.  
Seir to his enemies a prey become ;  
But Israel's sons shall valiantly perform.  
Lo, he, who out of Jacob shall arise,  
Shall have dominion, and whoe'er remains  
Within the city walls shall he destroy.

Lo, Amalek the first of nations was  
That war 'gainst Israel waged, but his last end  
Shall be, that he for ever be cut off.  
Strong is thy habitation, O Kenite,  
In the firm rock thou buildest up thy nest :  
Yet shall the Kenite into ruin fall,  
And as her captive carry thee away.  
Alas, who, who shall live when God doeth this?  
Lo, future nations shall in daring ships  
From Chittim's coast arrive, and shall prevail  
O'er Asshur, and shall Eber sore afflict ;  
And finally themselves destruction meet."



## THE SONG OF MOSES,

Setting forth God's mercy and vengeance, which he spake in the ears of all the congregation of Israel.—DEUT. xxxii.

**G**IVE ear, O heavens, and I will now declare,  
 And thou, O earth, unto my words attend,  
 My doctrine as the fruitful rain shall fall,  
 My speech shall as the morning dew distil ;  
 As the small rain upon the tender herb,  
 And as refreshing showers upon the grass ;  
 Because Jehovah's Name I will proclaim ;  
 Ascribe ye excellence unto our God.  
 He is a Rock, and perfect is His work ;  
 For judgment are all His most holy ways :  
 A God of truth, in Him iniquity  
 Hath non-existence, just is He and right.  
 Themselves they have corrupted, and their spot  
 Is not the spot of His own children dear :  
 A generation crooked and perverse are they.



Do ye the Lord Jehovah thus requite,  
O vain and foolish people? Is not He  
Thy Father who hath bought thee and redeemed?  
Hath formed thee, and thy horn exalted high?

Remember now the days of old, regard  
The years of many generations past.  
Thy father ask, and he will thee inform,  
Thy elders, and they will the same declare :  
When the Most High the sons did separate  
Of Adam, when He their inheritance  
Among the nations parted, He their bounds  
According to the sons of Israel set.  
For His own people, the Lord's portion is ;  
Jacob the lot of His inheritance.  
For when He found him in a desert land,  
And in the wide waste-howling wilderness,  
The Lord, his leader, his instructor was,  
He kept him as the apple of His eye.  
Like as an Eagle stirreth up her nest,  
O'er her young flutters, takes them on her wings ;  
High towering mounts the vaulted arch of heaven,  
To gaze upon the sun's refulgent beams :  
So his Conductor was the Lord Most High,  
And Him alone he worshipped and adored.

He made him great and powerful in the earth,  
That he might eat the increase of the fields ;  
Honey out of the rock He made him suck,  
And purest oil out of the flinty rock ;  
Butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat  
Of lambs and rams of Bashan's breed, and goats,  
And finest wheat He gave ; and the rich grape  
Did for his beverage its pure blood pour out.

But thou, Jeshurun, hast thyself increased  
In fatness, and rebelled : thou art grown fat,  
Thou hast enlarged thyself on every side.  
The people, then, their Maker, God, forsook,  
And lightly their Salvation's Rock esteemed :  
Him with strange gods they moved to jealousy,  
And their abominations raised His ire.  
They sacrificed to devils, not to God ;  
To gods whom they knew not, to foreign gods,  
New raised, and whom their fathers never feared.  
Unmindful of the Rock that gave them birth ;  
Of God, who formed them, they forgetful are.

The Lord abhorred them, when their evil ways  
He saw, a people rebels to their God.  
He said : " My face from them I will conceal,  
And I will see what shall be their last end :

For they a froward generation are.  
Perfidious children in whom is no faith,  
They have excited me to jealousy  
With that which is not God ; their vanities  
My anger have provoked ; and I will move  
Their jealousy with those which are no people ;  
A foolish people shall their anger raise.  
For lo ! a fire is kindled in my wrath,  
The flames shall spread unto the lowest hell ;  
The earth with her increase shall be consumed,  
And all the hills' foundations be on fire.  
Destruction I will heap upon their heads ;  
On every side my arrows shall descend.  
With raging hunger they shall be o'ertaken,  
With burning heat consumed, and on them fall  
Bitter destruction ; upon them I'll send  
The teeth of beasts, and poison of serpents vile.  
The young man, and the tender virgin too,  
The suckling, with the man whose hairs are grey,  
Shall sword without, and fears within, destroy."

“ I said, I'd scatter them throughout the earth,  
I'd cause their memory to be blotted out  
From the remembrance of the sons of men.

Were it not that the anger of the foe  
I feared, lest their enemies themselves  
Strangely behave,—lest in their heart they say,  
'Our hand is high, the Lord hath not done this.'  
For they a nation void of counsel are,  
Nor any understanding they possess.  
O that they were but wise, that they knew this,  
That they would well consider their last end !  
For how should one a thousand chase, or two  
Two thousand put to flight, except their Rock  
Had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up ?  
For their rock is not like unto our Rock,  
Our foes themselves our judges being in this affair.

    Their vine is worse than the deceitful vine  
Of Sodom's and Gomorrah's hateful plains :  
Their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters sour ;  
Their wine is dragon's poison, venom of asps.  
Are not all these laid up in store with me,  
Among my secret treasures sealed up ?  
Vengeance and recompense to me belong ;  
Their foot shall cause them in due time to slide :  
The day of their calamity is nigh,  
And that which shall befall them hastens on.

For when He sees them of their power deprived,  
And there is none shut up or left, the Lord  
Shall judgment then upon His people pass,  
And for His servant's sake repent himself.  
He shall demand of them, "Where are their gods?  
Their rock in whom they put their confidence?  
Which did consume the offered victim's fat,  
And of the wine of their libations drink?"  
Let them arise, and be your sure defence.  
Behold! behold! I, even I, am He,—  
With me there is no other god beside:  
I kill, I make alive; I wound, I heal;  
And there is none can rescue from my hand.  
For up to heaven I lift my hand and say,  
"I live for ever." If my glittering sword  
I sharpen, and mine hand omnipotent  
Take hold on judgment, to mine enemies  
I vengeance will repay, and I will them  
That hate me with disgrace and shame reward.  
Mine arrows, I will make them drunk with blood—  
(And my insatiate sword shall flesh devour)—  
Drunk with the blood of captives and of slain,  
From first inflicting on the foe revenge.

Praise, all His people, O ye nations praise :  
Because He will His servants' blood avenge ;  
Will render vengeance to His enemies,  
And to His land and people mercy show.



## THE BLESSING OF MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD,

Wherewith he blessed the children of Israel, before his death.—DEUT. xxiii.



THE Lord from Sinai came, He rose from Seir ;  
 His glory shone from Param on the Sons  
 Of Israel, with ten thousands of His Saints  
 Attending ; His right hand a fiery law  
 Bore, for the people chosen of His love.

Assemble all ye tribes of Israel : hear  
 What shall befall you in the latter days ;  
 Receive ye each my blessing ere I die.

Let Reuben's years be multiplied on earth ;  
 Let him not die, but his posterity  
 In number rival the bright starry host.

Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, hear his prayer :  
 To his own people cause him to return :  
 His strength proportion to his day ; and oh,  
 Be thou his tower of refuge from his foes.

This is thy blessing, Levi ; hear my words :  
Thy Thummim and thy Urim, let them be  
With Him, the Holy One, whom thou didst prove  
At Massah, and with whom thou didst contend  
At Marah's bitter stream ; who to thy Father  
And thy Mother saidst, " I have not seen him ;"  
Nor didst thy brethren own—thy children know :  
For they have kept thy word and covenant.  
Let Levi's sons, O Lord, thy judgments teach  
To Jacob, and to Israel thy law.  
Let them before Thee holy incense place,  
Whole sacrifices on Thine altar burn.  
Bless, Lord, his substance, and his work accept ;  
Smite through the loins they who rise up, and they  
Who hatred bear him, that they rise no more.

Hear me pronounce thy blessing, Benjamin :  
The well-beloved of the Lord shall dwell  
In safety, and the Lord himself between  
His shoulders shall protect him all day long.

Let Joseph's land be blessed of the Lord,  
For all the precious things kind Heaven bestows,  
The dew, and all the treasures of the deep ;  
For the choice fruits matured by the Sun,  
And what shoots forth beneath the Moon's mild beams ;



For the vast mountains, and the lasting hills ;  
The riches, and the fulness of the earth ;  
And for His sake who dwelt within the bush :  
Let these rich blessings on the head descend  
Of Joseph—rest upon the crown of him  
Who from his brethren long was separate.  
His glory is like the firstling of his flock ;  
And with his horns he shall the people thrust  
Together, to the earth's remotest bound :  
These the ten thousands are of Ephraim, these  
The thousands of Manasseh's numerous race.

Rejoice, thou Zebulon, amongst thy ships ;  
And Issachar, within thy tents rejoice.  
Unto the mount shall they the people call,  
And offer sacrifice of righteousness :  
For they shall suck, as infants, the full breasts  
Of ocean, and their keener appetite  
Abate with treasures hidden in the sand.

Blest of the Lord, he who enlargeth Gad :  
He, as a lion, in the desert dwells ;  
Pursues, and takes, then tears the destined prey.  
The first part he provided for himself ;  
As a law-giver was he seated there,  
And with the leaders of the people came :

The justice, and the judgment of the Lord  
With Israel he righteously performed.

Dan, like a young and sportive lion, is,  
That wanton frisks—he shall from Bashan leap.

O Naphthali, with favour richly fraught,  
And filled with the blessing of the Lord :  
The West and South shall thy possession be.

Let Asher be with children greatly blest ;  
And acceptable in his brethren's sight.

Lo, he shall bathe himself in seas of oil ;  
And as his days are, so his strength shall be.

There is no god, Jeshurun, like thy God—  
Who rides triumphant on the heaven of heavens,  
Whose glorious excellence the skies declare.  
Thy refuge is the great eternal God ;  
Beneath thee are the everlasting arms :  
The Lord shall drive before thee all thy foes ;  
And this is His command—" Destroy thou them."

Israel shall then in safety dwell alone,  
And from the fount of Jacob shall a land  
Of corn and wine drink fertilizing streams ;  
The heavens, too, shall refreshing dew distil.  
O Israel, happy art thou ! Who among  
The nations of the earth with thee can vie ?

O favoured people! saved by the Lord!  
Shield of thy might, sword of thy excellence  
Is He, who shall thine enemies subdue;  
On whose high places thou shall proudly stand.



## THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARAK,

After the deliverance of the children of Israel out of the hand of Jabin, King of Canaan,  
and Sisera, Captain of his host.—JUDGES v.



ON that day Deborah, the prophetess,  
And Barak, son of Abinoam, sang :  
“ Praise ye the Lord ; for when, with willing hearts,  
The people all came forth, and valiantly  
Stood up to fight, the Lord their cause maintained,  
And on the foes of Israel vengeance wrought.  
Hear, O ye Kings, give ear, ye Princes great :  
I, even I, unto the Lord will sing ;  
I'll render praises unto Israel's God.  
When Thou, O Lord, departedst out of Seir,  
When Thou didst out of Edom's field go forth,  
The earth did tremble, and the heavens distilled ;  
The clouds, full charged, their liquid store poured down ;  
The mountains, too, dissolved before the Lord,—  
Even Sinai from her inmost centre shook  
Before the Lord Jehovah, Israel's God !

“ ’Twas in the days of Shamgar, Anath’s son,  
 And Jael, Heber’s wife, that the highways  
 Were unfrequented, and lay desolate,  
 And travellers journeyed through deserted paths.  
 The dwellers of the villages had ceased,—  
 In Israel ceased,—till I, Deborah, arose—  
 Till I arose a Mother in Israel.  
 New gods they chose, then war was in the gates :  
 Was there a shield or spear the host amidst  
 Of forty thousand men in Israel seen ?

“ Towards Israel’s governors, who willingly  
 Themselves among the people gave, my heart  
 Is favourably inclined. Bless ye the Lord.  
 Speak, all ye elders who in judgment sit.  
 They who are rescued from the archer’s noise,  
 In places where they water draw ; ’tis there  
 The Lord’s most righteous acts shall they rehearse —  
 Those acts of power divine for Israel wrought :  
 Then shall the people to the gates go down.”

“ Awake, Deborah, awake ! ” thy voice attune  
 To melody ; Abinoam’s son, arise,  
 Barak, and captive lead captivity.  
 Him who remaineth He dominion gave  
 O’er those who were of high and noble birth :

The Lord made me a Ruler o'er the great.  
Out of thee, Ephraim, sprung a root that fought  
'Gainst Amalek ; and after thee arose  
Thy people, Benjamin ; came governors  
From Machir ; and out of thee, Zebulon,  
Came they that handle dexterously the pen.  
Thy Princes, Issachar, with Deborah went  
To fight ; even Issachar, and Barak too ;  
Who went on foot unto the vale. Great thoughts  
Of heart for Reuben's separation were.  
Why 'mongst the folds abodest thou to hear  
The bleatings of the flocks ? For searchings great  
Of heart for Reuben's separation were.  
Dwelt Gilead Jordan's sacred banks beyond ?  
And Dan, why tarried he in ships ? On shore  
Kept Asher, and in port secure abode.  
Lo, Zebulon and Naphthali were they  
Who jeoparded their lives even unto death.  
The Kings to battle came ; in Taanah fought  
The Kings of Canaan, by Megiddo's stream ;  
No spoil they took. The heavens against them fought,  
'Gainst Sisera the angry stars engaged.  
The river Kishon swept them clean away,  
That ancient river Kishon. Oh, my soul,

Thou hast beneath thy feet much strength subdued.  
Then were the sounding hoofs in pieces broke,  
Caused by the prancings of their warlike steeds.

Curse Meroz, (said the angel of the Lord,)  
Curse bitterly the inhabitants thereof;  
Because they came not to assist the Lord,  
To assist the Lord against the mighty foe.

Blessed above women who in tents reside,  
Yea, blessed shall Jael, wife of Heber, be,  
He asked water, and she gave him milk,  
She brought forth butter in a lordly dish.  
The while fast bound in sleep, within the tent,  
The weary chieftain, Sisera, lay supine,  
With her left hand she took the pointed nail,  
And seized the workman's hammer in her right;  
With stroke on stroke, through his broad temples driven,  
She plied the nail; fast rivetted to earth,  
He lay in endless sleep, to wake no more:  
With his own sword she then smote off his head,  
Low at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay,  
Prostrate before her, there he fell down dead!

Lo, Sisera's Mother at a casement stood,  
And through the lattice cried: "What sad mishap  
Delays my son's approach? Why tarries thus

The tardy flight of Sisera's chariot wheels?"  
Her fair attendants answered her—yea, she  
Made answer to herself—"Have they not sped,  
Have they not shared the prey? To every man  
A damsel gave or two; to Sisera  
A spoil of gold embroidered needle-work,  
Of diverse colours nicely intermixed,  
Meet for the necks of those who take the spoil?"  
So perish all thine enemies, O Lord:  
But they who love Thee, let them, like the Sun  
In his meridian splendour, light diffuse!





## HANNAH'S THANKSGIVING

Unto the Lord, who had granted her prayer, when she asked a child of the Lord.—1 SAM. ii.



MY heart rejoiceth in the Lord my God ;

My horn is high exalted in the Lord.

My mouth is o'er mine enemies enlarged ;

Because in Thy salvation I rejoice.

There is none pure and holy as the Lord ;

For Thee besides, there is not any one,

Nor any other rock like to our God.

No more with such excessive pride converse ;

Let arrogance proceed not from your mouth :

Because the Lord a God of knowledge is,

By Him are all our secret actions weighed.

The bows are broken of the mighty men,

And they who stumbled are with strength begirt.

They who were full have hired themselves for bread ;

And they who hungry were, to hunger ceased :

So that the barren hath born seven, and she  
Who many children hath, is feeble grown.  
The Lord, He killeth, and He makes alive ;  
He brings down to the grave, and raiseth up.  
The Lord, He maketh poor, and maketh rich ;  
He bringeth low, and lifteth up again.  
He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,  
And high exalteth them of low degree ;  
That He may place them among Princes great,  
And cause them to inherit glory's throne.  
For unto God the pillars of the earth  
Belong, on them the world He firmly fixed ;  
The feet of all His saints the Lord will keep ;  
The wicked shall in darkness silent be :  
For no man shall by his own strength prevail.  
The enemies of God shall be destroyed ;  
From heaven shall He his thunder on them hurl.  
The Lord shall judge the ends of the whole earth :  
Shall strength and power unto His King afford,  
And His Anointed's horn shall high exalt.



## DAVID'S PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING,

When he proposed to build an House to God.—2 SAM vii 18, &c.



LORD, thou God Almighty ! who am I,  
 And what my house, that 'Thou shouldst thus exalt  
 My low estate ? Yet, in Thy sight, O Lord,  
 This was of small account ; but Thou hast said,—  
 “ Thy servant's house shall be established firm  
 For ages yet to come.” Can man, O Lord,  
 Thus promise ? and though promise, yet fulfil ?  
 Yet what can David further say to Thee ?  
 For Thou, Lord God, knowest even my inmost thoughts.  
 Thy Word to accomplish, and Thy heart's desire,  
 Hast Thou performed all these mighty things,  
 That I, Thy servant, them may understand.

Great art Thou, O Lord God ! there's none like Thee—  
 No God omnipotent as Thou, O Lord !  
 For we have often heard of Thy great fame.  
 What nation all the earth throughout exists,  
 Like thee, O Israel, whom the Lord thy God  
 Redeemed, even for a people to Himself ;

His Name he magnified, and wrought for you  
Things great and terrible,—He led you forth  
From Egypt, from their bondage, and their gods.  
By Thee confirmed for ever, we are made  
Thy chosen people ; Thou become our God.  
And now, O Lord, the promise Thou hast made  
To me, Thy servant David, and my house,  
Confirm according to Thy holy Word.  
Exalted be Thy great and glorious Name !  
The God of Israel is the God of Hosts !  
For ever let Thy servant's house abide.  
Thou, Lord, unto Thy servant hast revealed ;  
“ I said, I will a house to Thee erect ;”  
Therefore to Thee have I this prayer addressed.  
And now, O Lord, (Thou art the only God :  
Thy words are true, Thy goodness infinite !  
Thy promise gracious to Thy servant made ;)   
Be pleased to bless my house for evermore,  
And let it still continue in Thy sight :  
For Thou hast spoken it, O Lord of Hosts !



## DAVID'S SONG OF THANKSGIVING,

Which he spake unto the Lord, on the day that the Lord had delivered him out of the hand of all his enemies, and out of the hand of Saul.—2 SAM. xxii.

**T**HE Lord Jehovah is my steadfast Rock,  
 My sure defence, my Saviour, and my God.  
 In Him my soul her confidence shall place  
 Entire : He is my buckler, and the horn  
 Of my salvation,—my strong citadel,  
 My refuge, and my Saviour from alarms.  
 To Thee, O Lord,—who worthy art alone  
 All praise and honour to receive,—to Thee  
 My voice in grateful accents will I raise :  
 So shall I be from all my foes preserved.  
 What time, impetuous, rolled the waves of death,  
 My soul well nigh o'erwhelming ; then the floods  
 Of the ungodly made me sore afraid :  
 The cords of hell in durance me fast bound,  
 And death her thousand snares exposed to view :  
 Then, in my deep distress, I sought the Lord,

Repentant, and in prayer my God implored :  
He from his holy Temple heard my voice,  
And to my humble prayer inclined His ear.  
Then from its centre shook the trembling earth ;  
Shook heaven's foundations, too,—for God was wroth.  
Forth from His nostrils clouds of smoke arose,  
And issued from His mouth devouring fire,  
Causing with glowing fervour coals to burn.  
When He came down He made the heavens to bow ;  
Beneath His feet thick clouds of darkness spread.  
High mounted on a cherub, safe He rode,  
And with the wind's swift wings He steered his course.  
In darkness thick was His pavilion hid,  
Enveloped round with clouds of vapour dense.  
Preceded Him a brightness so intense,  
A heat so fervent, kindling coals of fire.  
The Lord Jehovah from his throne of heaven  
Thundered, and the Most High uttered his voice  
Tremendous. Swift He sent his arrows forth,  
Scattering, and His lightning, discomfiting, His foes.  
The sea disporting fled, his depths disclosed,  
And her foundations, too, discovered earth,  
At the Almighty's breath—at His rebuke.

The Lord sent from on high, He saw my grief ;

He drew me from the waters of distress.  
From my strong enemy, from them who aught  
Of hatred 'gainst me bore, He rescued me :  
For they were even to me a mighty host.  
My grief they aggravated in the day  
Of my calamity ; but God was my support.  
He brought me forth, and set my longing soul  
At liberty : for in His law was my delight.  
As in His sight appeared my righteousness,  
The Lord rewarded me ; as clean my hands,  
So also hath He made me recompense.  
For I have kept the precepts of the Lord,  
And from my God have not corruptly swerved.  
His judgments ever were before mine eyes ;  
And from His statutes I did not depart.  
Before Him I was upright and sincere,  
And have refrained from mine iniquity.  
Therefore, as in His sight my righteousness  
Appeared, the Lord rewarded me ; as clean  
My hands, so hath He made me recompense.  
Thou to the merciful will mercy show,  
And deal uprightly with the upright man ;  
Pure Thou wilt show Thyself unto the pure,  
And with the froward Thou wilt froward be.

For Thou wilt the afflicted people save ;  
But humble every proud, imperious look.  
The Lord is my bright lamp : my path obscure  
He will illumine, and my steps direct.  
By Thee I have broke through an hostile troop,  
And by Thy aid have bounded o'er a wall.

The way of God is perfect, and the Word  
Of the Most High is tried : He is a shield  
And buckler to all them that trust in Him.  
For who to God is equal, save the Lord ?  
And who so sure a Rock is, save our God ?  
God is my strength and power in every need :  
My way He maketh perfect and sincere.  
My feet He equals to the fleetest hind's :  
He raiseth me to an exalted height.  
'Tis He instructs my hands to war inured,  
And by their strength to break a bow of steel.  
Thou, Lord, of Thy salvation hast the shield  
Given me : Thy gentleness hath made me great.  
The shortness of my steps Thou hast enlarged,  
So that my steadfast feet fear not to slide.  
My enemies I have pursued, destroyed ;  
Nor turned again until they were consumed.  
And them I have consumed, wounded, to rise



No more ; yea, prostrate fallen beneath my feet.  
 With strength for battle Thou hast me begirt,  
 And them, too, that against me rose, subdued.  
 Thou power hast given me over all my foes,  
 That them who hated me I might destroy.  
 They looked up, but there was none to save ;  
 Even to the Lord—but answer none received.  
 Then beat I them small as the dust of earth,  
 As mire I trod upon them 'neath my feet,  
 And scattered them abroad before the wind.  
 From strivings of my people hath the Lord  
 Wrought me deliverance, o'er the heathen hath  
 He made me head : a nation I know not  
 Shall serve me ; strangers shall to me submit,  
 Obedience yield, yea, and shall fade away,  
 And fear shall seize them though in secret hid.


The Lord Jehovah lives, and ever reigns :  
 And blessed be my Rock ; exalted be  
 The God of my salvation. He alone  
 My cause avengeth, and the people under me subdues.  
 From all mine enemies He rescued me ;  
 Mine horn, too, hath He raised up on high,  
 But they who 'gainst me rose hath He abased,  
 And freed me from the proud oppressor's hand.

Therefore, to Thee, Lord, will I render thanks  
Among the heathen, and Thy holy name exalt.  
He is the tower of safety for His King :  
To His Anointed He doth mercy show,  
To David and his seed for evermore.



## THE LAST WORDS OF DAVID.

2 SAM. xxiii.

 O, these are David's last prophetic words !  
 David, the son of Jesse, said : The man  
 Raised up on high, the anointed of the God  
 Of Jacob, Psalmist sweet of Israel, said :  
 By me the Spirit of the Lord hath spoken,  
 His word gave inspiration to my tongue.  
 Thus saith the Lord, to me spake Israel's Rock :  
 Justice must govern Him who governs men,  
 And in the fear of God still governing.  
 As the soft radiance of the morning light,  
 When its mild beams the sun shoots gently forth,  
 Cloudless : as springs the tender grass, when heaven  
 Hath watered earth with kind refreshing showers.  
 My house, although it be not so with God,  
 Yet hath He made with me a covenant  
 Eternal, ordered in all things, and sure :

For lo, in it all my salvation is,

All my desire, although it cease to grow.

The sons of Belial shall be thrust away,  
As thorns flesh-wounding to the naked hand.  
But he whose hands resist them must be fenced  
With iron plates, and with a spear well armed,  
Then shall they wholly be consumed with fire.



## ISAIAH'S PROPHECY

Concerning the pride and destruction of Sennachereb, and the good  
of Zion.—2 KINGS xix. 21, &c.



THE Virgin, Zion's daughter, hath despised,  
Thee hath she scornfully derided, yea,  
Even Salem's daughter shook her head at thee.

Whom hast thou thus reproached, and blasphemed ?

'Gainst whom exaltest thou thy impious voice ?

'Gainst whom hast thou lift up that haughty look ?

Even against the Holy One of Israel.

For by thy messengers hast thou reproached

The living God ; by them thou saidst : " With these

My armed chariots, to the mountain's height

I am come up, yea, even to Lebanon.

The pride of Lebanon I will lay low,

His lofty Cedars and choice Firs cut down ;

I will into his border's fastnesses

Come in, and Carmel's woody crest despoil.

Strange waters I have found, and drank thereof,

And dried up, as it were, with my foot's print  
All the deep rivers of strongholds besieged."

Hast thou not heard how I, of time long past,  
Have made and fashioned it of ancient days ?  
Should I now suffer Lebanon become  
A waste, and fenced cities into ruin fall ?  
Small was the power of their inhabitants ;  
Therefore were they confounded and dismayed :  
Weak was their strength as grass, as the green herb,  
And as the feeble blade on the house top,  
As blighted corn ere it be fully grown.  
But thy abode I know, thy going out,  
Thy coming in, and thy fierce anger 'gainst me raised.  
For this, and thy great tumult which mine ears  
Have heard, my hook I'll put into thy nose,  
And in thy lips my bridle ; I will turn  
Thee backwards the same way by which thou camest.  
And by this sign shalt thou be certified  
Of its fulfilment : ye shall eat this year  
Fruits of the earth spontaneous, and the next  
What springeth of the same ; but the third year  
Sow ye and reap, plant vineyards, eat the fruit thereof.  
Moreover, shall the remnant of the house  
Of Judah that escaped, again take root

Downward, and in due time fruit upward bear.  
For out of Salem, and the holy hill  
Of Zion, there a remnant shall go forth :  
The Lord of Hosts shall in His zeal do this.  
Therefore, thus saith the Lord : “ Assyria’s King  
Into this city shall no entrance find,  
Nor shoot an arrow there ; he shall not come  
With shield, nor ’gainst it raise up mounts of earth.  
By the same way he came, he shall return.  
Nor shall he enter in it, saith the Lord.  
For I will be this city’s sure defence,  
For mine own, and my servant David’s sake.”



## PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

Isaiah excuseth God's severe judgments against, and dealings with his people.—ISA. v.



NOW to my well Beloved I will sing  
 A song : Lo, my Beloved a Vineyard hath  
 Upon a fruitful, sun-inviting hill.

He with a wall encircled it around,  
 And gatherèd the stones that spread the land ;  
 Plants of the choicest vine he set therein,  
 And in the midst erected a fair tower  
 And winepress ; patient for the vintage time,  
 When, toil-rewarded, he should joyful gather  
 Into his press the ripest, sweetest grapes.  
 But ah, how blighted were his fairest hopes !  
 Behold, it brought forth grapes—sour grapes and wild.

Now, O inhabitants of Salem, judge,  
 And, O ye men of Judah, sentence give,  
 Concerning me and mine. What could have been  
 More to my Vineyard than I have not done ?



When, therefore, hoping it should have produced  
Ripe grapes, why brought it forth wild grapes and sour?

Go to, I will declare what I will do  
Unto my Vineyard : there shall be no fence ;  
The wall I will break down, and lay it waste ;  
Nor shall it ever be, or pruned, or delved ;  
But briars and thorns shall it henceforth produce :  
And I will bid the clouds withhold their rain.  
For lo ! the Vineyard of the Lord of Hosts  
The house of Israel is ; His pleasant plant,  
The men of Judah : judgment He looked for,  
But, lo ! oppression,—justice, lo ! a cry.



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